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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Americana

THE American Past has become a national industry. There are almost as many "antique" signs in Connecticut as gas stations, and it is impossible to guess at the millions which have been spent in refurnishing ornate Louis XIV houses and apartments with plain but far more costly American pine and maple. Three planks and four legs that had the good fortune to be planed out in early Pennsylvania are worth ten times as much exquisitely carved mahogany. Costs versus values make a comic commentary on world history.

We have not revived American books quite so indiscriminately. Irving, Hawthorne, Cooper have *never gone out*, as did the furnishings of their period, and the colonial writers, Franklin excepted, are too theological, or too political, for modern taste. It is easier to sit your body comfortably in an old chair than to seat your mind in an undated book.

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The Americana of modern literature are chiefly copies not originals. With little attention from professional critics a new order of books has come into popularity. It ranges from rather minute history through sketch, biography, reminiscence, into pure fiction, with drama to follow, and has an identical theme. Where earlier studies of American life—Fiske's, Bancroft's, Irving's—dealt with the history of the Americanized European, this new literature is inspired by the effect of a new environment upon the American. One hears less of English law, French ideas, European modes in slow modification, and more of climate, new customs, the frontier, emigration, local religions, dialects, and life patterns that are novel. We are less interested in the origins of our ancestors and more in themselves. The trek of a family across the Plains begins to have the significance of the fall of a Bastille or a revolution. P. T. Barnum, Commodore Vanderbilt, Andrew Jackson, Senator Stanford, Drew, Sutter, Astor, Boone emerge as historic forces deserving, if not always credit, certainly fame. A list of books including Don Seitz's "The Dreadful Decade," Thomas Beer's "The Mauve Decade," Mark Sullivan's "Our Times," Cameron Rogers' "The Magnificent Idler," Henry Adams's "Education," M. W. Werner's "Life of Barnum," Hamlin Garland's "Son of the Middle Border," Esther Forbes's "O Genteel Lady!" Walter Noble Burns' "The Saga of Billy the Kid," Meade Minnigerode's "The Fabulous Forties," the trilogy of novels of the late Herbert Quick, could be much extended with nine-tenths of the books of this *genre* published since 1914.

It is a vogue, perhaps, like the fashion for old furniture, but it is a sound fashion. Nordic pride is not responsible for it, nor patriotic teaching. We have had both before. An immediate cause is the discovery that the Americanization of America in the nineteenth century was one of the most remarkable episodes in world history (in spite of its neglect in the Outline of Mr. Wells, who had no time to get it up!). This, however, is a scholar's reason, and is more responsible for the writing of these books than for the reading of them.

The real cause is a change in the country itself. An era ended in the decade that included the war, so that 1910 seems more archaic to our children than did 1870 to us. The centralization of the republic, the westward sweep of civilization, the vast piracies upon natural resources, the clash of sections, and the making of a distinctive American culture are all now definitely in perspective, definitely historical. It is Past Time, a Period, a Movement, near, but not personal, to us. We are so different that we can venerate (as in the school histories), or be ironical (like *The American Mercury*), with ease in either case. It is America—but not our century.

Furthermore, science in its slow penetration has made the general reader understand that dates and heroes no longer make history. He turns with excited curiosity to the account of a country, his own, where apparently commonplace people, who said "aint," and chewed tobacco, or, like Grant, grew

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Out of Earth

By F. R. McCREARY

PATTERN the clouds for a moment
This way or that,
And Heaven or Hell is the difference;
One breath more or less
And a dream slips back into night
Or leaps into song everlasting.
I know that the petals of a violet
Can push the skies apart;
I know that the grass gives the wind its importance,
The grass and the leaves,
Small things of our earth and the past;
And I, this flesh, this bit of remembering,
I will place a word in the lips of tomorrow,
A thorn in the heel of death.

This Week

"History of France." Reviewed by *John M. S. Allison.*

"Temperament and Race." Reviewed by *Ellsworth Huntington.*

"Roman Education." Reviewed by *Francis O. Allinson.*

"Private Correspondence of Samuel Pepys." Reviewed by *W. C. Abbott.*

"Mental Growth of the Pre-School Child." Reviewed by *R. M. Odgen.*

"Evolution and Creation." Reviewed by *Vernon Kellogg.*

"Modern Theatres." Reviewed by *S. R. McCandless.*

"Laughing Ann." Reviewed by *David McCord.*

"Flight." Reviewed by *Ernest Gruening.*

"Parson Primrose." Reviewed by *B. H. Lehman.*

Next Week, or Later

Consolations of the Uneducated. By *Charles A. Bennett.*

American Folk-Lore

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

"AMERICA'S youth is its oldest tradition," said Oscar Wilde. At any rate, it is still our handiest and surest means of defence against attack. Let an insolent Karel Capek cast aspersions upon us and some Glenn Frank is sure to spring to the rescue in the name of our youth. "Just wait and watch us fifty years from now," the enemy is told. Exit the enemy. But we are not always being attacked, and in moments of peace and quiet we like to confide in one another that we are not really as young as we look. After all, we have had a past,—and a past in many ways more interesting, we secretly believe, than that of the stay-at-home stick-in-the-mud nations across the water. And we can be boastful enough of it when the critical European eye is not fixed upon us too severely.

This is surely natural and healthy. In fact, one of the few indubitably good results of our recent patriotic movement has been the increased interest in days "when America was young"—twenty, fifty, or one hundred years ago, according to locality. We have begun to realize, luckily before it is too late, that we are just emerging from a most romantic and picturesque phase, rich in many of the raw materials of art. There has been a most determined effort to recover it in some measure and at least get it safely recorded before its memory has grown too dim. Some of this effort, it is true, has been not a little ridiculous, as in the numerous societies of rotarianized poets devoted to the preservation of the traditions of their localities, or in those universities which devote half of their history courses to that section of the United States in which they happen to be planted. But on the whole this endeavor to incorporate the best of the past stands self-justified as an attempt to meet one of the greatest needs of our all too rapidly moving, too forgetful people.

Particularly zealous has been the search for American folk-lore. The pioneer, the cowboy, the logger, the miner, the southern mountaineer have all been tapped, with varying results. Of them all, the mountaineer has best proved up on his claim. This for a number of reasons.

* * *

Folk-lore is communal literature, usually anonymous, growing by gradual accretion through slightly varying repetitions. Stabilized conditions of life are fundamental to its development. A society relatively isolated from the rest of the world is favorable. Folk-lore is essentially spoken literature. The printed page is its deadly foe. This not because the artifices of writing are fundamentally different from the artifices of speech but because writing is fundamentally less spontaneous than speech. However freely one may use pencil, pen, or typewriter, the human tongue wags more freely still. Self-consciousness, once it has set in, alters the whole tempo. Hence the printing-press killed the mediæval ballad. Not Wordsworth or Coleridge or Keats or Rossetti could revive it again. Even "Barrack-room Ballads" are poems for, not by, the barrack-room. Folk-lore can only arise and continue in an illiterate community.

The mountaineers of Kentucky and Tennessee

Tall Tales from the Kentucky Mountains. By Percy Mackaye. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $2.50.

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have fulfilled these qualifications rather better than the inhabitants of any other part of the Union. The Rocky Mountains were encountered too late in the westward march of America; the railroad almost overtook the pioneer. But in the South the mountains were settled long before the railroads came, and have remained real barriers to outsiders. The inhabitants were separated from illiteracy by a single book, which happened to be the greatest masterpiece of English prose, the King James Bible. Their speech, modeled upon it, where it was modeled at all, was an Elizabethan dialect instead of the polyglot English spoken elsewhere in America. They had plenty of time in the long winter evenings for the weaving of tales, and they were ignorant enough to do it well.

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In "Tall Tales from the Kentucky Mountains,"* Percy Mackaye has brought together a collection of genuine folk-lore. He has shown rare self-abnegation in keeping himself out of the picture, bending all his talent to the work of re-telling the stories in as accurate a form as possible. The tales are put in the mouth of Old Sol Shell, "a mountain Munchhausen" who died at the age of ninety-eight some thirty or forty years ago but who is the traditional source of most of this folk-lore. "For almost the whole of the nineteenth century he had haunted these hills, a living legend, rolling unconsciously under his tongue, as he spat in the wood fire, the cud of an ancient wit and lore which kinned him with the old saga-tellers of the Norse fjords and with charcoal-burning fairy-chroniclers of the German forests." Mr. Mackaye has made a convincing character of this Old Sol whom he never knew, and has given him credit for as splendid a set of yarns as we are likely to see in many a day.

Although the tales contain gruesome, creepy passages soaked in night and mountain mist, the true macabre of mediæval fairyland, for the most part they move on sunny uplands of humor, with shrewd wit, boastings that recall Hector and Ajax and the great bullies of the North, lies as magnificent as those of the shameless Peer Gynt. The humor of exaggeration is sometimes supposed to be peculiar to America and the humor of under-statement peculiar to England. They are, rather, characteristics respectively of an instinctive and a reflective culture. The primitive man is not yet entirely conscious of his limitations, and his imagination rejoices in impossible deeds that still seem somehow trembling on the edge of the possible. To the mind of the reflective man, such exaggeration is foolish; he has seen his most modest desires balked so many times that he retains his self-respect only by identifying himself with the larger rational world that crushes them. The primitive man sees his shadow as a giant, and laughs to hear the giant roar; the civilized man sees his as a dwarf, and laughs to watch the dwarf strut. In so far, but only in so far as America is still fundamentally primitive, irrational, and unreflective, the exaggeration in these Kentucky tales is typically American.

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When one turns from "Tall Tales of the Kentucky Mountains" to "Ballads and Songs of the Shanty-Boy,"‡ collected by Franz Rickaby, he turns from real folk-lore to pseudo folk-lore that is even more illuminating to the student of American history. The shanty-boy was the hero of the lumber industry in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota from 1870 to 1900 when the introduction of modern machinery began to change him into the humble logger of today. In the rhetoric of Professor Rickaby, who has creditably performed what is plainly a labor of love:

> Up and down and across the country he roamed—here today, there tomorrow; chopping, skidding, rolling, hauling, driving great logs that the snarling saws might be fed. The free life called him, the thunder of falling majesties intoxicated him. Amid this stately presence, along these avenues of "endless upper reaches," he rudely trampled the whiteness of the earth. His axe bit deep as it shouted, and his saw-blade sang in the brittle air. . . . Long hours of hard labor, simple fare, and primitive accommodations hardened him; the constant presence of danger rendered him resourceful, self-reliant, agile. . . . He loved, hated, worked, played, earned, spent, fought, and sang—and even in his singing was a law unto himself.

*Tall Tales from the Kentucky Mountains. By Percy Mackaye. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $2.50.

‡Ballads and Songs of the Shanty-Boy. Collected and Edited by Franz Rickaby. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1926. $3.50.

This glorified sketch of the shanty-boy's life is still sufficiently true to the underlying facts, with the exception of the last phrase which directly inverts them. The great trouble with the shanty-boy's songs is that he was not a law unto himself but took his law from the printed page with which he was familiar, that of the daily newspaper. Poetry was not his native language; it was the painful result of sweating effort. His songs did not grow up unconsciously, but were, as Professor Rickaby points out, "composed by individuals who set out definitely to compose." They had little connection with the shanty-boy's actual work; they were not timed to the rhythm of the axe or planned to be sung in unison as an assistance to gang labor. In them is represented the lowest level of self-conscious literary work, abounding in false sentiment, false pathos, all the trash of journalese romanticism.

The following is a typical passage on a favorite theme, the drowning of a brave young foreman:

> They took him from the water and smoothed down his raven hair.
> There was one fair form amongst them, her cries would rend the air.
> There was one fair form amongst them, a maid from Saginaw town.
> Her sighs and cries would rend the skies for her lover that was drowned.

Even the rampant patriotism of these ballads is spurious, for it reveals itself chiefly in a violent hatred of England which the shanty-singers, mostly Irish, cherished as a legacy from the ould country. But at least all the songs are highly moral; no Sunday school superintendent could have given better advice:

> And if you are a married man, I'll tell you what to do,
> Support your wife and family; you're sworn that to do.
> Keep away from all those grog-shops where liquor's kept and sold,
> For all they want is your money, boys. You'll need it when you're old.

Here we have the typical tragedy of incipient American folk-lore spoiled in the making. The cow-boy and the shanty-boy were not wedded to their adventurous work; they came from and returned to perfectly conventional and tame surroundings. Their standards of morality and art were not derived from their own life but from their parents, and when they sought to express their deepest feelings they instinctively sought for language that their mothers would approve. The false coin of these songs took on an added glitter in their eyes by its very difference from the well-worn money of their daily lives. Only in one department of life could nature be counted upon to override convention, and that is a field which neither Professor Rickaby nor any other has yet dared to enter in print. The western he-man differentiated clearly between the "good girl" and the "bad girl:" when he was officially in love with the good girl he felt it necessary to moon like a sick puppy, but when he merely took a night off with the bad girl he was a lusty roaring blade, a regular devil of a fellow who bore his singing mood back to camp next day. As long as the devotees of American folk-lore fight shy of the ribald element to be found in it nearly everywhere, one may well question their sincerity. Especially since in this way they are likely to miss the finest parts. There is more true sentiment and literary value in one stanza of the bawdy barrel-house song, "Frankie and Johnny," than in all of Professor Rickaby's painstaking collection of lily-mouthed lyrics.

Something of the same criticism applies to James Stevens's rendering of the Rabelaisian Paul Bunyan stories and to his "Brawnyman"* just issued. Nevertheless Mr. Stevens does manage to bring one fairly close to the muscular hero of the west. "Brawnyman" deals with him in one of his lowliest phases, that of teamster. Written in the first person, it narrates the story of a good bad boy whose relatives and teachers try in vain to get him "to do better" but who goes his own way from escapade to escapade, from one itinerant job to another, until he becomes Appanoose Jim, the high-class teamster working up and down the territory bounded on the east and south by the magic cities of "Shy," "Casey," and "Loss." According to Mr. Stevens, the teamster has an *esprit de corps* little inferior to that of the mediæval knight, which binds him to scorn the "bread-and-butter john," fight the "yegg," and hate the "scissors-bill," but above all else to hearken to the call of the "big job" whenever and wherever it sounds.

Physical labor, fighting, and eating occupy the same place in "Brawnyman" as in "Beowulf." There are Homeric battles, such as that between Paddy the Devil and Hard Foot Rax, and there are Valhalla feastings. "Brawnyman" is a good brawny story—at least the first part of it. The second part which takes Appanoose Jim to Los Angeles, gets him a city job, and throws him several times into love, seems to suffer from the fatty degeneration of its environment. The fatty muscles disappear in a rather aimless corpulence.

*Brawnyman. By James Stevens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

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After a time, perhaps, one is likely to grow weary of the westerner of the great open spaces. His simplicity may begin to seem like aridity. Then is the hour for "Nize Baby."* This happiest piece of humor that America has produced in years is, on the surface, anything but folk-lorish. The conscious art of Milt Gross reminds one, rather, of Greek comedy. The dialogue between the First and Second Floor carries the main plot, "Momma wit Nize Baby" on the Fourth supplies the chorus, while the element of slap-stick, originated not by Charlie Chaplin but by Aristophanes, is provided in the much besmacked Isidor on the Third. (How many smacks, one wonders, does Isidor receive in the course of the entire volume? A hasty estimate gives three hundred and seventy-four but this may not be strictly accurate.) And, of course, there is much in "Nize Baby" that hasn't the slightest connection with folk-lore. The malapropisms, for instance. Why is a malapropism sometimes funny and sometimes stupid, and why are those of Milt Gross nearly always funny—even funnier than Sheridan's? The answer seems to be that his malapropisms are never mere misspellings but words that suggest a foreign and ridiculous idea. "He cocknockted a skim," for example, suggests both a more arduous effort and a blither result than "he concocted a scheme."

Beneath all questions of style, however, the material of the work is folk-lore material. The Jewish East Side of New York speaks through Milt Gross; his book is a masterpiece of correct dialect, of imagined conversations imagined so vividly down to the minutest detail that they seem almost to have been recorded. The old folk-lore characteristics of exaggeration, boasting, delight in quarrels, and quick repartee are all here. The fairy-tales told by Momma to Nize Baby are brought up to date, as fairy-tales have always been when living on men's lips. Or take the fable of the ant and the grasshopper:

> So de hant he sad to de gresshopper—"Leesten gresshopper—it's not mine beezness I should meex in, but I teenk wat you should batter push away a leedle bit something for a rainy day." So de gresshopper gave him a henswer: "Izzy comes, izzy goes! Ish ka bibble. Denks werry motch for de adwice! S'long! I got a date for a patting poddy!" So de hant sad: "Hm-mm-mm. He teenks wot he's smot! Hill find out!"
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> So it came gredually de weenter. Hm! Was it cold wit frizzing wit rain wit hail wit snow wit slit! So de hant was seeting inside from de house comfintable wit planty to itt, wit stim hitt, wit a weechtrola, wit a Mowriss chair. So while he was seeting it came gredually a knock on de door—so de bottler uppened opp de door—so dere was stending the gresshopper! Hm, was he don witt out! ! ! Sheevering witt frizzing witt hicicles henging from him—witt holes in de shoes—witt petches in de pants. So de hant sad: "Hm! It's *You,* ha? A penhandler you became already, ha? *Deedn't I told you? ?* So de gresshopper sad: "I jost walked in from Troy, N. Y. Could you spare plizze two beets for a cup cuffy?" So de hant sad: "What did you did in de sommer time, ha? ?" So de gresshopper sad: "Hm. Seenging witt dencing witt jezzing." So de hant sad: "A whole sommer you was seenging witt dencing witt jezzing—so now is de weenter. Go play wid a wiolin."

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It is a far cry from the Kentucky Mountains to the heart of New York City, but Old Sol would have applied the moral of the ant and the grasshopper to his contemporaries in much the way that Momma does to hers. Beneath the veneer of city life, all four floors possess an immemorial shrewdness and unsophisticated common sense. But it is an artist who reveals these people. Could they reveal themselves equally well or would they babble like the shanty-boy? That seems hardly likely. But if not, why not? Perhaps the whole problem of Americanization lies behind the answer.

*Nize Baby. By Milt Gross. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $2.

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A Royalist on France

HISTORY OF FRANCE. By JACQUES BAINVILLE. Translated by ALICE and CHRISTIAN GAUSS. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON
Yale University

IT is always a pleasure to read anything that comes from the pen of Monsieur Jacques Bainville. One is sure to find movement, energy, and spirit in his work; but very few on this side of the water, have taken Monsieur Bainville seriously. This is because he is associated in men's minds with Monsieur Maurras and other leaders of the Royalist group in France. And yet, after all, it is not entirely just to dismiss these gentlemen with a shrug. They should not be compared with the extremists; they are not of the Camelots du Roi who seek distinction by trying to incapacitate temporarily undesirable deputies by the forceful administration of unpleasant but harmless physic! On the contrary, Monsieur Bainville and his friends are men who are intellectually persuaded of the truth of their political creed, and, as such, they must command our tolerant attention, if not our sympathy. And, at last, it is Monsieur Bainville who has come forward with an attempt to present, in a truly serious vein, his explanation of the historical development of France.

His book has appeared at an appropriate hour when France, distraught and deserted, seems to have reached a time when something must be done about her experiment in democracy and when some, even those who are not Frenchmen, are beginning to wonder if France can endure and prosper under the system that exists at present. It is for the latter especially that Monsieur Bainville writes. When the principle of authority has been pared down to the vanishing point, Monsieur Bainville describes great kings of France whose rule brought prosperity and satisfaction because it was authoritative. When the general mass of people behold themselves the prey of selfish and unscrupulous politicians, this author of the "History of France" recalls the deeds of the early kings who created order out of a selfish and individualistic feudalism, and who rescued France from the anarchy of the republican seigneuries that threatened to supplant feudalism. With the petty demagoguery of today he contrasts the risings of the early Paris revolutionaries and the Fronde. From Clovis whom he chooses to regard as the first French King, to Louis XVI, France has always prospered whenever royal authority was paramount, and the French people have always, in times of great necessity, given over the authority to the king by a voluntary act. They have sanctioned his rule and have consecrated his authority. It is only when the opposite principle of popular sovereignty has appeared that the rule has fallen into the hands of unscrupulous men. This author, then, accepts the principle of popular sanction as a basis for rule, but rejects the idea of popular sovereignty. There are four Kings especially whom Monsieur Bainville admires the most. Louis IX, the saintly King of the thirteenth century, is the ideal Monarch. Next comes Louis XI whose virtues are so often overlooked and whose vices are remembered. Henry IV is, of course, the great national hero, and Louis XIV comes in for a share of praise. In respect to the latter, Monsieur Bainville's treatment of his foreign policy is especially noteworthy.

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The latter half of the book treats of the French Revolution, the nineteenth century, and the contemporary period. The chapter dealing with the Revolution is more moderate in tone than one might expect, and is very well done. One section relates the importance of the previous history of the Parlement and its influence in precipitating the crisis of 1789. This is a matter that is too often slighted or completely ignored by modern historians. The treatment of Napoleon is not sympathetic, but it is, in most part, fair. The author does not spare him censure when relating to a great extent the episode of the Duc d'Enghien. But *why* did Monsieur Bainville select such a miserable portrait of the Emperor? There are gorgeous illustrations of Louis IX, Henry IV, and Louis XIV, but the Napoleon shown in the illustration opposite page 336, is a weak, uncertain hunchback. The succeeding chapters are devoted to the Restoration and the July Monarchy.

So compelling is the interest of the book that the reader, unless he be critical, is inclined to forget the thesis of the author. It is only at the end, that he is brought face to face again with the realization that, after all, this work is an interpretation of the history of France and not history at all.

> We can see almost everywhere in Europe, in the countries devastated by the war, that the governments have lost their foothold. The old world is in a state which resembles chaos. There is a an extreme confusion of ideas. Full powers, dictatorships, these are words which no longer terrify and which seem natural in spite of the fact that everywhere we see posted the names of a Republic or a Democracy. Out of the vast destruction which the war and its following revolutions have caused, no one can say what is being brought forth and what is provisional and what is lasting.

But, Monsieur Bainville is not pessimistic about France. France has faced this situation before; her social structure remains solid; her middle classes always renew themselves. "After all her convulsions, often more violent than elsewhere, she quickly returns to order and authority for which she has a natural taste and instinct. . . . If one had not this confidence, it would not be worth while to have children."

The world is indeed an anomaly today. What is Democracy? Where is authority? Where is security? To Monsieur Bainville, the answer is obvious, but to the world, it is not so obvious, for, have not Kings, even such parliamentary Kings as the author envisages, brought the world to similar straits before this time? And yet, Monsieur Bainville is to be congratulated for he, at least, has a faith and a ready solution, while we remain in the darkness of doubt.

Viewed in the light of contemporary French thought, this work of Monsieur Bainville is of real value to those who are interested in understanding modern France. Viewed simply as a history of France, it is a narrative interesting, exciting, Michelet-like, but one that must be taken with a considerable number of grains of salt.

English Officers Receiving and Weighing Coin at the Exchequer, A. D. 1130-1174. From "Banking Through the Ages," by Noble Foster Hoggson (Dodd, Mead).

Racial Differences

TEMPERAMENT AND RACE. By S. D. PORTEUS and MARJORIE E. BABCOCK. Boston: RICHARD G. BADGER. 1926.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON
Author of "The Character of Races"

ALMOST every one is interested in problems of race and inheritance, but how are we to distinguish between what we are and what we are taught? Go to a great social laboratory, says Dr. S. D. Porteus in a book which will probably have a long life because it sets forth a new method. Hawaii forms an especially good laboratory. Anglo-Saxons, Portuguese, and Porto Ricans have come from the west; Japanese, Chinese, and Filipinos from the east. All except the Anglo-Saxons came as laborers in the sugar plantations, "they started from the same mark," and their position at the end of the race "will be determined by the mental, temperamental, or character traits which each possess."

Dr. Porteus begins with the general impressions of employers, chiefly on sugar plantations, and then takes up social efficiency, school work, the size and growth of brains, intelligence tests, and tests of temperament. Here is a summary of the impressions of employers:

> The Chinaman plodding away at his allotted task, accepting the burden which centuries of use had laid upon his shoulders, unwilling or unable to follow new leads or fearing to face new situations, hating notoriety and the unaccustomed, and clinging fast to the old traditions and ways—essentially the feminine temperament. . . . The Japanese—self-assertive and anxious for a larger place in the sun, eager for any adaptation that will advance his ambitions, selfish in outlook and not given to overscrupulousness, sensitive as regards his self-conceit, yet exhibiting wonderful tenacity of purpose and self-control in meeting new difficulties—essentially masculine characteristics.
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> The Portuguese volatile, impulsive, quick tempered, rather obtrusive, suggestible and poorly inhibited. Their general temperament thus has in it some elements of instability. On the other hand they are sober, hard-working, and respectable—a decided acquisition to the permanent population of the Territory. Marital infelicities and divorce are common but nevertheless the social morality of the Portuguese is good. . . .
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> The Filipinos represent a fine example of a race in an adolescent stage of development. Their departure from the normal balance of maturity (appears) in their egocentric attitude, in their rather obtrusive habits and desire for personal recognition, in their super-sensitiveness, poor emotional control and unstable moods, in their alternate obstinacy and suggestibility, in their impulsiveness, love of display, and noisy self-expression.

A Filipino who entered the University, but did not finish, explained that he had "too much engine for his steering gear." His people, he said, have "powder enough but a crooked barrel. . . . The fields on the other side of the river look always greenest, and so we damn fools spend most of our time in the river."

Porteus's step in comparing the races of Hawaii is based on his "social rating scale." From a study of mental defectives he found that the most important social traits are planning capacity, resolution, stability, self-control, prudence, self determination, dependability, and tact. When rated along these lines by teachers and others, the Japanese and Chinese compete for first place. They are almost equal in stability, self-control, prudence, and self-determination, but the Japanese lead in planning capacity and resolution, and the Chinese in dependability and tact. The Portuguese and the mixed Hawaiian population compete for third place, although the Portuguese have the advantage; the Filipinos and Porto Ricans stand together at the bottom. The man from China "is an almost ideal immigrant." He possesses all the virtues of a useful citizen without the embarrassing ambition to become one. . . .

> The Japanese is a horse of the same color but of a very different disposition. He is restless, ambitious, enterprising, antevert, looking toward the future in contrast to the retrovert Chinese who look toward the past, willing to forego the immediate advantage for the larger end. Much more outwardly adaptable than the Chinese, he tends to identify himself with his adopted people and to demand the rights of citizenship.

Crime is another of Porteus's criteria of racial value. Here the Japanese have far the best record, the Portuguese and Chinese stand next, while the Hawaiians are twice as bad as the Chinese, and the Filipinos and Porto Ricans are still worse. Turning to another criterion, the ages of children in comparison with their degree of advancement in school, we again find nearly the same order: Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiians, Filipinos, Portuguese, and Porto Ricans.

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This brings us to the most original and significant part of "Temperament and Race." Is the position of the various races dependent on any measurable physiological condition? Porteus believes that it is. The weight of the brain may have something to do with the matter, but the rate of growth, especially after puberty, is the main factor. The rate among boys is greater than among girls, an advantage which Porteus connects with the difference between the sexes in temperament and achievement. A similar difference in the brains of Japanese and Chinese may account for the corresponding masculine and feminine character of the two races.

The second half of "Temperament and Race" is devoted to a study of mental tests and to a résumé of certain racial theories. Porteus estimates the purely intellectual traits of his various races by the standard Binet tests and others. But these show nothing as to temperament. Hence he makes use of an invention of his own, the Maze test, by which we are beginning to be able to measure people's persistence, planning ability, and other temperamental traits, in addition to the purely intellectual traits such as memory and reasoning powers. Here, too, the Japanese came out ahead, with the Chinese near them and the other three non-Anglo-Saxon races trailing behind. The whole argument hangs together so closely that one can scarcely doubt that Porteus has analyzed the traits of his various groups more fully and accurately than has ever been done before.

But are the differences which he measures really racial or do they pertain merely to special groups? In other words are the inhabitants of Hawaii aver-

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age samples of their races, as Porteus insists? I doubt it. The *average* Japanese or Chinese laborer does not leave his home and travel thousands of miles across the water. An unusual degree of determination, energy, curiosity, and the spirit of adventure, as well as a fairly high degree of physical strength and courage, are required to pry a man loose from his home, his family, his language, and his ancestors. Among the Chinese we seem to have independent evidence that this is the case. In "The Character of Races" I have shown that the Hakkas are a very competent and highly selected group of Chinese. Now Hakkas are proportionally far more numerous in Hawaii than in China. They are relatively still more numerous among the school children. In the only graduating class at the University of Hawaii, as to which I have information, four of the five Chinese were Hakkas. Such facts suggest that the Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, Porto Ricans, and others may not be fair representatives of their respective races. But this does not alter the fact that Porteus has developed an extremely well rounded and rational method of finding out to what degree and in what way one race differs from another in inheritance as well as in training.

Classical Education

ROMAN EDUCATION FROM CICERO TO QUINTILIAN. By Aubrey Gwynn. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by Francis G. Allinson
Brown University

THIS book is an outgrowth of an earlier thesis, "Roman Education under the Empire" for which the writer received a degree at Oxford in 1919. It is a scholarly but stimulating presentation of the underlying principles of Greek and Roman education—the "austere home-bred morality" and traditions of Roman character upon which, without obliterating the Roman type, was superimposed the wider intellectual and ethical originality of the Greek. The ultimate outcome of the hybrid Græco-Roman civilization, however, was of necessity a somewhat hyphenated culture, and the author, in his conclusion, points out how the civilization inherited from Hellas had "worn thin" in the course of centuries. "Cicero, Seneca, Quintilian, Fronto, Ausonius; these are names which suggest the successive stages of a gradual decline."

Already Seneca, in his time, could criticize the Greek schools of rhetoric as educating "for the class-room not for life." Mr. Gwynn illustrates neatly by the similar decay of athletics. "The curse of professionalism," as he says, "had long since come upon Greek athletics." He might have illustrated further the contrast between the "grand" atmosphere of Hippocrates and this hybrid age when, in the second century, Galen, the great psychiatrist, could demean himself to be the physical director of the imperial gladiator, Commodus.

Mr. Gwynn develops his subject with Cicero, Seneca, and Quintilian as main centres. He knows his men, their background and their foreground. He is properly critical but has the indispensable sympathy which will not suffer the great qualities of great men to be obscured by their foibles. He can even appraise justly the long-winded Isocrates.

He launches his first chapter, "Early Roman Traditions," with a citation from Cicero's "De Republica" to emphasize that most Roman institution the *patria potestas*, an underlying mortgage, so to say, on the education of the Roman boy. In this passage Cicero refers to "my guest, Polybius," and Mr. Gwynn avails himself happily of the divergence in opinion between Cicero, "the most competent Roman interpreter of Greek civilization," and Polybius, "the most competent Greek critic of Roman history," who maintains that the "neglect of public education" was the chief defect in Roman institutions. Aghast as we are today, at the disastrous decay, in our own public schools, of all *potestas*, whether paternal or maternal, we are fain to admire with Cicero this powerful, if antiquated, factor in the transmission of character.

In some of the succeeding chapters, for example, the "De Oratore," and "The New Rhetoric," and in the long chapter on "Quintilian," Mr. Gwynn is necessarily occupied so largely with oratory and rhetoric that the superficial tinkerers with our contemporary curricula might find little pabulum in this treatise and might easily overlook principles of universal import which could serve as correctives to the current "quick-lunch" attitude of our "educators."

The Ciceronian *humanitas*, fostered by a curriculum based on "literature, rhetoric, history, law, philosophy," seems like "too narrow an undertaking" to liberally minded scholars today who now include, as a matter of course, *pure* science among the "humanities." In general, it may be noted, mathematics—like "poet" a word significant in its derivation—played a far greater rôle in Greek culture than in the practical Roman education. Cicero himself, however, speaks of the *artes* taught in the schools of his day as: "philosophy, mathematics, music, literature, and rhetoric," to which he adds elsewhere in the "De Oratore" "geometry and astronomy," thus completing the seven *artes liberales* of the Middle Ages.

Mr. Gwynn emphasizes duly one difference, vital to our modern attitude, between the aims of Greek and of Roman Education in the matter of scientific inquiry. The Roman writer gave his public only a "popular account of Greek scientific theories and discoveries; the Roman Empire never produced a discovery that has been of permanent use to mankind."

Quintilian, his *terminus ad quem*, is the subject of some sixty pages of critical but sympathetic discussion. His work, we are told, is "a culmination and had no successor." We could wish, however, that Mr. Gwynn, who has made so careful a study down to this date of Greek and Roman rhetoric and other educational factors, might pursue the subject on into the *milieu* of Lucian and Galen.

A citation from Quintilian is characteristic of his whole thesis: "The Greeks may excel in precept, but the Romans excel in what is greater, example." Incidentally, we may add, Mr. Gwynn's book throughout makes clear the impossibility of any divorce between Greek and Latin for the student who would appraise at first hand the complex of the mighty Roman Empire.

The English style of Mr. Gwynn's prose is good, the proof-reading excellent. There is one oversight on page 113, an acute for a grave accent!

Pepys and His Time

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS OF SAMUEL PEPYS, 1679-1703, in the possession of J. Pepys Cockerell. Edited by J. R. Tanner. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $12.50.

Reviewed by Wilbur C. Abbott
Harvard University

"THIS book," the purveyors of fiction are apt to say of their latest candidate for popular favor, "is the greatest work of this gifted author since his last great story." It is often somewhat doubtful praise, and one hesitates to use this formula in introducing what is not only Mr. Tanner's greatest contribution to Pepysian literature since his edition of the Pepys naval papers, his journal of the Admiralty, and his Life of Pepys, but is the greatest contribution to our knowledge of the diarist since Mr. Wheatley's edition—and there could hardly be higher praise. No one, not even Braybrooke or Wheatley, has made greater contribution to Pepysiana than Mr. Tanner, and no lover of the diarist, or student of the seventeenth century, but must acknowledge his great debt to the editor of the present volumes. With them and with the previous contributions which Mr. Tanner has made, he has provided a body of material illuminating the life and works of the Secretary of the Admiralty which may well be set beside the Diary itself, and may serve as a salutary corrective to much loose talk and writing which has flooded the world since the Diary first appeared, to the detriment of the talents and character of the diarist.

The papers which are here printed consist of some 530 documents, chiefly letters from or to Pepys. Of these some have seen the light of print before, a few in Smith, others in the *Academy*, and half a hundred or so in Braybrooke. Yet this fact, in a sense, scarcely lessens the value of the present edition, for, apart from the "bowdlerizing" of the letters printed by Braybrooke, a collection such as this is one of those instances in the world of a thing which is greater than the sum of its parts. It affords a view of the whole which is invaluable in estimating the character of a man and his period. Of this nothing is more striking than the mere list of correspondents. It includes some of the most interesting men in late seventeenth century England—Sir Godfrey Kneller, John Evelyn, the Duke of York, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Reay, among them.

Nor are the subjects less entertaining. A correspondence with Sir Isaac Newton on the odds or chances in a game of dice is to be compared with one with Lord Reay on the question of second sight among the Highlanders, and these with Dr. Wallis's contribution on Dr. Gregory's observations of the late eclipse. Nor are the letters the only matters of interest. It so happened that Pepys's nephew and heir, John Jackson, in these years made the grand tour of the continent and in a long series of communications he presents the view of a young man of means, if not of the most acute intelligence, of a thoroughly planned and conscientiously performed journey, probably unparalleled in literature. Besides these still may be found here notes of the English naval strength against Spain in 1588, papers by the astronomer Halley, the document establishing the Boyle lectures, John Locke's system of making a "common-place book," and a great amount of material relating to the political events in these eventful years. Moreover we find here Pepys's favorable report on Mr. Wanley's "proposition of a general survey to be taken of all the present public libraries of Europe," and Dr. Gregory's new method of teaching mathematics which was, in effect, carried out later, and did much to revolutionize education in that field. Finally, not to make this list too long, there is a remarkable "Account of His Majesty King James II's going from Whitehall" on that historic 18th of December, 1688, followed by the warrant for the arrest of "Sir Anthony Deane, Samuel Pepys, and—Hewer . . . who are suspected of dangerous and treasonable practices against His Majesty's Government," dated June 18, 1689.

In short, rich as this collection is in material relating to and illuminating the character and career of Samuel Pepys, it is apparent from the briefest recital of some of its contents that it is even more than this. It is, in no small measure, as valuable for its period in the same sense and in no inconsiderable degree as the Diary is for an earlier day. It is a perfect mine not only of fact but of entertainment. It is not merely invaluable for any student or lover of Pepys. It is equally important for any one interested for whatever reason in the late seventeenth century, as well as for that far larger body who are interested in that peculiar and multifarious set of concerns which we call "life." To all such it may be commended, not only for the information it contains but for that "human interest" which, above even his other qualities of head and heart, makes Samuel Pepys still interesting to so many men of so many different minds. For that we all owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Tanner, and await with the greater interest that Life of Samuel Pepys which it may be hoped he will presently offer us.

Americana

(*Continued from page* 913)

confused when they faced the complexity of civilization, were nevertheless so very important in the kind of history making that counts. Perhaps vanity and an acuter sense of our history as a great common people are partly responsible for the vogue of Americana.

Nevertheless, the prime cause of these many books in which the American past becomes vivid and often romantic is that nineteenth century America is gone, is dead except in its influences, is historically remote, and widely different from our present. We read of the New England 'forties or of the South in Reconstruction or of Henry Ward Beecher or Grover Cleveland as we read in Plutarch, Clarendon, or Macaulay.

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The Child's Mental Status

THE MENTAL GROWTH OF THE PRE-SCHOOL CHILD. A Psychological Outline of Normal Development from Birth to the Sixth Year, Including a System of Developmental Diagnosis. By ARNOLD GESELL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT MORRIS OGDEN
Cornell University

MENTAL tests are now to be administered to infants; and Professor Gesell, the pioneer in this enterprise, describes his procedure and results with sufficient detail so that others may follow him and refine upon his methods.

The desirability of extending mental measurements to infancy is obvious. For if the mind of a six-year-old child can be measured with sufficient accuracy to warrant a classification which holds approximately true throughout his subsequent life, a trustworthy diagnosis made at an earlier time would enable us to lay out a complete program of education suitable to each child's mental equipment. Or, to look at it from another point of view, if one were about to adopt a pretty infant of nine months one might like to know the prospect for the child's developing into a superior, a normal, or a feeble-minded adult. Professor Gesell's photographs of defective, sub-normal, and normal infants at nine months demonstrate the difficulty of judging from the appearance of the child, whereas his comparative tests indicate significant differences in their behavior.

Since the infants Professor Gesell has been testing must be allowed to grow up before we can tell just how trustworthy his classification may be, we can judge the value of his method only by the detailed comparison he gives of the behavior of different children at the same and at different age-levels. Basing these age-levels upon the general facts of bodily growth—which at first is very rapid and then gradually slows down—he arrives at norms of behavior for 4, 6, 9, 12, and 18 months, followed by 2, 3, 4, and 5 years, after which the usual yearly stages of the Binet Scale are applicable. The tests he employs fall into four divisions: motor, language, adaptive behavior, and personal and social behavior; of which the last-named group consists largely of estimates from general impressions and parental reports.

* * *

Professor Gesell has made an interesting study, and the wealth of detail in the behavior of infancy by means of which he establishes his normative age-levels affords a fairly convincing clinical picture of a child's mental status. What one misses in this investigation, and what one misses in all similar psychometrical studies, is a set of well-defined psychological principles of interpretation. Indeed, the work is so empirical in character that one is tempted to question the accuracy of the author's subtitle: "*A psychological outline of normal development from birth to the sixth year.*" For instance, with a twelve-months-old child, he uses a simplified form-board with circular, triangular, and square openings. The child is first given a round block to see if he will place it in the circular hole. Professor Gesell observes:

> The results indicate that the circle is unquestionably the easiest of these three forms. The selective interest in the circle combined with the priority of the ability to use it adaptively is a pretty example of the specificity and orderliness of development. (Does the child ever *first* acquire equal skill with the triangle?)

Empirically speaking, the question in parenthesis is a fair one; but it happens that we also know something psychologically of these three forms. Under conditions of brief exposure adults perceive circles more easily than squares, and squares more easily than triangles. A psychological interpretation of this "specificity and orderliness of development" has also been given, which makes it highly improbable that a child could "ever first acquire equal skill with the triangle."

The author appears to be unacquainted with these psychological data and their interpretation. The same limitation appears in his discussion of children's drawings. The ease of drawing vertical as compared with horizontal lines, and the orderly development indicated by copies of circles, squares, triangles, and diamond shapes are carefully recorded, but the only suggested interpretation of these differences are references to "movements which are racially important," and, on the perceptual side, to "some incompleteness in the oculo-motor mechanism," either peripheral or central.

"The copy of a square," we are told, "is somewhat too difficult for the median four-year-old child. The copy of a triangle is a little more difficult. At the age of five years the median child can copy a square and a triangle, but he shows an inability to copy a diamond, which recalls a similar lack of mastery over oblique strokes which he displayed a year earlier when called upon to differentiate between the cross of St. George and the cross of St. Andrew." These are interesting results the psychology of which, if understood, would not only serve to satisfy our curiosity, but would also raise the character of the tests from the level of empiricism to that of a scientific diagnosis.

But although more is understood of perception and its developmental aspects than the author reveals in his reference to "oculo-motor mechanisms," it must be admitted that we know little enough of these matters, and that in the absence of scientific knowledge we must resort to empirical tests such as Professor Gesell has ingeniously devised and classified. Only, if he wishes us to regard his work as psychological, he ought, at least, to point out the psychological problems which underlie his tests, and the importance of their solution, before we shall be able to accept a purely empirical diagnosis as a scientific classification of the mental status of our infants.

Professor Gesell is not unmindful of the empirical character of his work, but "unless a discovery of fundamental importance is made," he believes that "we must paint these normative portraits in the language of common sense, and in non-technical descriptions of the reactions of children to the ordinary domestic and social situations of life." The reviewer shares this belief; but he also believes that a "discovery of fundamental importance" has been made by the psychologists who are now advancing the hypothesis of the *Gestalt* as a means of interpreting mental life, and in particular that Kurt Koffka's book, "The Growth of the Mind," affords a means of interpretation which carries us a long step beyond the "language of common sense," supplemented by bare references to "movements which are racially important," and "the incompleteness of oculo-motor mechanisms."

A Reconciliation Book

EVOLUTION AND CREATION. By SIR OLIVER LODGE. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1926.

Reviewed by VERNON KELLOGG

SIR OLIVER LODGE doesn't write books limited to description. He writes arguments, pleadings, briefs. He always has a thesis. The thesis of this newest book is—but let us let him say it himself: "My thesis is that there is no essential opposition between Creation and Evolution. One is the method of the other. They are not two processes, they are one—a gradual one which can be partially and reverently followed by the human mind."

And then he proceeds, partially and reverently, to follow brilliantly, and, on the whole, acutely and fairly, this process. A most fascinating and stimulating performance. Chapter IV, Cosmic Evolution, is the most illuminating and stirring sixteen pages of picture of the evolution of the physical universe as a process occurring in time, that I have ever read. This chapter has the cosmic sweep of a comet. It is worth to anybody several times over the cost of the book and the cost of the time necessary to read it.

One expects Sir Oliver to put spiritism, usually too much of it, into any book he writes. There is spiritism in this new one. But very little of it, although that little is absolutely positive and dogmatic. For example:

> And what of man? If his death is the end of him, the value of his existence may be doubtful. But if, as I know, death is not the end of him, then there may be infinite progress in store.

Sir Oliver believes wholly in Evolution. He also believes wholly in Creation. How does he make these two beliefs compatible?

Of course, the little but all-important matter of definition plays its rôle here as elsewhere in philosophical discussion. But he does not define Creation too far away from our usual conception of it to make his reconciliation of it and Evolution unconvincing and [illegible]. In Evolution the elements of time and gradualness are characteristic; in Creation there is always a "Let there be." In things of human creation and evolution, for example, every work of art, every engineering structure is first conceived in the mind and then reproduced in matter. But the process is always a gradual one and requires time. The conception is Creation; the gradual process of realization is Evolution.

> The steps in divine Creation are less obvious: they require study by those who are competent; but the method so far as we can follow it, seems to have the same characteristics. There is no haste or suddenness of operation, everything is obedient to what may be spoken of as divine law, and gradual evolution is the universal method.

Following the chapter on Cosmic Evolution there is one on Cosmical Speculation, less notable but containing a thought of much significance. (This thought may be an old one and common to many a philosopher. I am so little acquainted with such discussions that I do not know.) The thought is: is Evolution to be looked on as a process once for all in time? Are not things always beginning, always going on, always resulting? Are the operations in time really a sequence, or are they a co-existence? Are we right in thinking, as most of us do, of a time, an epoch, at which the ordinarily known forms of matter did not exist; and again of another epoch when everything will have been finally resolved, by inevitable gradual destruction and scattering of the results of Evolution, into ether and radiation, and all energy dissipated?

> Or may we suppose that there is a recuperative process at work, the formation of matter as well as its destruction? Will there always be a transformation of energy, unabated, *which will continue the activity even of the physical universe forever?* . . . . Is the idea of termination tenable in any form? I doubt it.

Sir Oliver is a natural philosopher of the optimistic school. He sees no windup of universe—nor of man. Physical things will be ever transmuting but never ceasing to be in some form or other. Men will die, but their spirit will persist. Sir Oliver looks on the universe and on man and finds them good. "God's in His heaven; all's right with the world."

The Theatre of Today

MODERN THEATRES. By IRVING PICHEL. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $2.25.

Reviewed by S. R. MCCANDLESS

IF the modern theatre is "an institution of all the arts," literature, acting, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture, as Moderwell puts it in his "Theatre of Today," then we must test contemporary production by the combined merit of the applicable features of each. Synthesis is a term often spoken of but seldom realized in the theatre, so that it seems a bit extravagant to class it with the other arts. Where does the fault lie and by what means can we bring the theatre to a level with the other arts? We have good plays that can be classed with the best in prose and poetry; we have excellent acting in spots; but there only half the story is told. No play is drama until it is produced, and no production can be classed as a work of art until setting, lighting, costume, and direction are as finished as the acting and the play, granting that they are of a high order to begin with. If you are willing to allow that these elements are essential, from a modern point of view, then it is obvious that the visual side of the theatre is what needs fixing.

Now the theatre, as a building, is nothing more than an elaborate instrument for the production of plays. If any physical limitation in the structure tends to hinder the successful presentation of drama, then the fault lies with those who have charge of building the theatre and laying out the equipment for its operation. No one can say what the ideal is, but we do know that the theatre always has been a place to present the complete idea of the playwright, and, with this firmly in our minds, we can set out to discover what the best practice in theatre building is. Just as one would call in a surgeon, even a specialist, to perform an operation, so should an expert be called upon to design even the simplest type of theatre. In no more obvious way can the reputed waste of the theatre be as legitimately criticized. Every day sees some new and flagrant mistake called a theatre. How can one ever expect a crippled child to grow into a beautiful creature?

"Modern Theatres" sets out to present the best examples in contemporary theatre construction and

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what equipment should go into them. It is a broad field that is worthy of a book twice the size, but as a practical suggestion to prospective builders of theatres nothing could be more valuable. It is better for each one to cast about to determine the best solution for his own problems, financial, size of lot, scope of work, etc., in view of these suggestions, than to follow any one formula. The author does not concern himself with the so-called commercial theatres because their practice is set; he is writing particularly for what is called the Little Theatre. In the preface he says:

> One of the finest services that the municipal theatre or the community playhouse can render is to provide a home for the dramatic impulse of the community—not a makeshift home, but one worthy of the fine art of the drama and the fine craft of the theatre. It does not matter whether or not the building is to be large and pretentious or small and inexpensive; but it matters that it should be fitted to the least detail to fulfil its function efficiently and beautifully.

There are chapters on the historical development of the theatre, the layout of the stage and auditorium, equipment, lighting problems, stage machinery, and a comprehensive bibliography. The author's experience with the professional and the amateur theatre fits him to answer in a simple straightforward way without the use of confusing technical terms, the problems of the uninitiated. The easy style and numerous pictures make "Modern Theatres" a valuable book for anyone interested in the theatre. One might easily say that it is the best book on the theatre from a technical point of view since Moderwell's "The Theatre of Today," and it is more direct even than that.

The one fault that one might find with this book, if it is a fault, is the brevity of treatment of a subject that could well run into volumes. Lighting and lighting equipment alone deserve a comprehensive book. But if "Modern Theatres" serves only to stimulate interest in constructing better theatres, and creates greater liaison between architects and prospective builders, it covers a great field and we hope that the author will follow this work in due time with more detailed information as the demand arises.

Beguiling Rhymes

LAUGHING ANN. By A. P. Herbert. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by David McCord

IT is now ten years since A. P. Herbert published "Half-Hours at Helles," a small, shilling collection of light war verse first printed in *Punch*. Since that time, at least two volumes, "Tinker Tailor" and "The Wherefore and the Why," have contained further evidence of his unique ability with a beguiling sort of canter in rhyme. There is a vast quantity of light verse being written today. Some very excellent hands are engaged at it, from Don Marquis and Arthur Guiterman down through Lucio and the King of the Black Isles. Of this company Mr. Herbert, with his most recent collection of verses from *Punch* ("Laughing Ann"), is entitled to a preferred position. Indeed, I know of few volumes of the type contemporary or otherwise that can touch it for work so charmingly finished and so sustained. And here, if ever, is the raw material for the major part of a comic opera.

Mr. Herbert as always, is a most meticulous craftsman. There are never sloppy interpolations in his stanzas. He is consistently, often rather quaintly, amusing. He goes back, here more than ever before, to the genial roots of such as "The Bab Ballads" and the inimitable rhymed tales of Aliph Cheem. Mr. Herbert, unlike even the best of our American versifiers in their lax (possibly impecunious) moments, is never smart. His kind of wit, if it may be so called, is as serene as it is original.

Unfortunately, A. P. H. has never taken well or had a run (he is still very young) in America. His novel-sketch of last autumn, "The Old Flame," as delightful as anything of its kind since Anthony Hope's "The Dolly Dialogues," did not, to my knowledge, have either a wide or substantial sale. I trust that "Laughing Ann" will fare better. Certainly it carries its own recommendation as warm and as fragrant as that insular dish in the ballad of Sausage and Mash:

> Your truffles are toys,
> Your oysters are trash
> Contrasted, my boys,
> With the homelier joys,
> The beauty, the poise,
> Of sausage and mash.

Going White

FLIGHT. By Walter White. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926.

Reviewed by Ernest Gruening

"FLIGHT" is a further step in the recent invasion of that rich and since Charles W. Chesnutt, fallow, literary pasture—colored life in the United States. Mimi Daquin, a beautiful New Orleans Creole, is a descendant of Louisiana pioneers and heir to their charm and nobility of spirit. Her early life is sheltered. She grows up thinking of herself as neither white, nor colored, but just human being. Only after her mother's death, her father's remarriage, and the family's removal to Atlanta are her eyes opened to the bitterness that being a Negro in America implies. The Atlanta race riots of 1906 sear this consciousness into her soul.

She falls in love with a colored boy, Carl Hunter. In a moment of deepest emotion she gives herself to him. Isolated from the conventionalism of the world she only thrills with happiness on learning that she is to be a mother. Carl rages when she tells him she has revealed his paternity to the physician, forbids her telling anyone else, and promises to provide another doctor who will "fix things up." Then for the first time she sees him as "a shrivelling coward." His offer of marriage comes too late. All her love "has turned to black hate." His parents and her stepmother's pleas fall on deaf ears. She is not worried about the baby's not having "a clean name." The child is going to be *all hers*.

Mimi seeks refuge in Philadelphia because it is large and she knows no one there. She goes to New York, where her father's sister runs a small beauty parlor.

New York's greater economic opportunities enable Mimi to make both ends meet. Meanwhile her spirit unfolds in the social life of colored Harlem. One day, however, gossip overtakes her. An Atlanta woman recognizes her and spreads the story of her "shame." She is ostracized. Then and only then, wearied by the cumulative misery of her experiences, cruelly rejected *in her own milieu*, does she decide to "pass for white."

* * *

In one of New York's most fashionable modiste shops she secures employment. Eventually she marries one of New York's stock-broking set, who will not hear, and cares nothing, what her past may have been. For a year they live together. She has everything that money can buy. But there are no children of this marriage. After the first glamour of material comfort wears off, life becomes barren. Its emptiness increases daily. She sees the "white" society into which she has been thrown as composed of "countless millions of worried and insignificant little people obeying blindly the bidding of a huge insatiable machine . . . plying themselves with sex or drink or drugs or silly diversions to forget the implacable demands of the forces that drove them on." Gradually she comes to the conclusion that "whatever other faults they might possess, her own people had not been deadened and dehumanized by bitter hatred of their fellow men. The venom born of oppression practiced upon others weaker than themselves had not entered their souls. . . . These songs were of peace and hope and faith, and in them she felt the peace which so long she had been seeking." The next morning Mimi steals quietly out of the Washington Square house and joyously enters a new future: "*Petit Jean* (her son)—my own people—and happiness!"

Besides hurling an additional brickbat at modern Western civilization from a new angle, "Flight" invades the intriguing realm treated in book form but once before and then as a special and unique case in "The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man," that of colored Americans who "go white." Two generations after slavery this is no longer a fantastic and exceptional theme. The author himself belongs to that increasing number of "colored" Americans (blue eyes, blond hair, "Caucasian" features) who but for their own choice, and affirmation of their colored "blood" would *be* Anglo-Saxon, "Nordic," white. Throughout Mr. White's latest book one glimpses the profound stirring among American Negroes, thrust into the whirl of American life, on the one hand highly conformist and imitative of the society which excludes and oppresses them, on the other retaining those inner racial qualities which have enabled them to survive slavery that the Indian could not withstand, maintaining their buoyancy and cheerfulness in the face of social cruelty and injustice without parallel in the present-day world. "Flight" is an enlightening reflection of their growing race pride, race potentiality, and race achievement.

The weakness of "Flight" is that as he nears the *dénouement* Mr. White's zeal to demonstrate his thesis has caused the propagandist in him to overshadow the novelist to the detriment of the book as a tale and as propaganda. One may pass over the improbability of a husband—especially of the arch-conventional type—exhibiting no curiosity whatever about his wife's early life and her people, and of the equally uninquiring orphanage and home where Mimi checks her child for the period of the novel. Mr. White strains even more culpably in thrusting his cultured and intelligent Mimi into a burlesque of Babbittry and calling it "white" America. He knows that colored America has its equally wide and long "Main Street," and indeed in his earlier chapters has drawn a convincing picture of it in Atlanta. Suppose that his heroine had married into the white intelligentsia? Would not her problem and Mr. White's theme disappears? Nevertheless, despite its flaws, "Flight" contains much that is moving, and presents an idea not without significance in contemporary America.

A New Floyd Dell

LOVE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE. By Floyd Dell. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1926. $2.

SURELY Greenwich Village, with all its follies deserves a chronicler, and surely no one is better fitted for the post than Mr. Floyd Dell. Granted that most of its habitués have been near-artists and near-writers, hangers-on rather than the real thing, it should be remembered that these gentry only congregate where there is something on which to hang. During the last fifty years there have probably been more genuises, as well as more fools, congregated in Greenwich Village than in any equal-sized plot of ground outside of Paris.

One point upon which all Villagers have apparently always been agreed is that the Village is sadly declining. So probably thought the Indians when driven out by the Dutch, the Dutch when ousted by the English, the English when supplanted by the American revolutionists; so certainly thought the world of fashion when "society" drifted northward and left the Village to its half-century of shabby gentility; and so thinks Mr. Floyd Dell today. He is quite sure that his particular Village, the one which came "blazing into existence" in 1913 and was done to death only a few years later at the hands of real estate dealers and "up-towners," was, if not the best of all possible Villages, at least far better than any that is likely to succeed it. He sings a requiem over its departed glory.

Was love in Greenwich Village during those golden years particularly different from love anywhere else? Perhaps not. There is a consensus of human opinion, possibly erroneous, that love is love anywhere at any time. It hardly matters. Mr. Dell writes with such charm that one is content to see the Village through his eyes as a realm of bre romance, free, irresponsible, and beautiful, now irretrievably gone.

"Love in Greenwich Village" is a pleasing mixture of essays, short stories, and poems. It is somewhat difficult to tell in which field Mr. Dell is at his best, as he moves with facility in each. His poems, to be sure, give the impression that they ought to be just a little better than they are; fugitive beauties are glimpsed rather than seen clearly; in the midst of his singing, Mr. Dell occasionally has a catch in the throat. "The Ballad of Christopher Street" goes swinging like a buccaneer, but every now and then, without the slightest warning, falls in an ague fit. The short stories are less open to this criticism. All of them are good, all contain a certain almost wistful appeal. "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" is obviously one of "the best short stories of the year," but personally the reviewer prefers "The Kitten and the Masterpiece" on account of the kitten, a lovely beastie that talks, though with only a single word in its vocabulary. The essays on Greenwich Village which form a kind of foreword and epilogue are, as it were, an appropriate

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binding for what is, on the whole, a delightful volume.

In "Love in Greenwich Village" there is a new Floyd Dell. Gone is the iconoclast and rebel. Gone is the author of "Moon-Calf." The new Floyd Dell speaks with a different accent: gallant and gay, but poignantly so, above a brooding autumnal melancholy; pity has replaced scorn; there are unsuspected depths of tenderness; there is unexpected self-control. The Dellian ego is still prominent but is mellowing. Mr. Dell feels that he is growing old: he seems to regard himself as belonging to the past. We much prefer to regard him as one who has begun to find himself, who has completed his evolution from the intransigeant writer for the *Masses* into the sensitive artist, and who is now more than ever ready for the future.

Cary and His Circle

PARSON PRIMROSE. The Life, Work, and Friendships of HENRY FRANCIS CARY, Friend of Charles Lamb and Translator of Dante. By R. W. KING. New York: George H. Doran. 1925. $6.

Reviewed by B. H. LEHMAN
University of California

MR. KING'S book is a delightful and unassuming answer to those that hold that it has now been demonstrated that biography must be one reel in length, as selective in method as German art-film, and in style anything from ironic to jzazy. And since "Parson Primrose is not perfect in its kind—it is too naïve for perfection—the answer is the more complete. A biography may take its richness from fulness and significance of material as well as from the philosophy of the author. Being thus rich it may hold one till the end of many hundred pages, even, as in this case, in a pedestrian prose—that seems now and then to have a wooden leg.

The richness of the book derives largely from the fortunate accident that the central figure—Henry Francis Cary, "Parson Primrose"—is not the greatest figure in it, though his history and qualities are quite great enough to carry the narrative. Coleridge and Lamb and Hazlitt, who walk in and out of these pages in fact as well as in blurb, shine with more genius. However that may be, Cary was the first Italian scholar of his age, was and remains first as translator of Dante into English (*pace* friends of Norton; *pace* several living translators), and he was, above all, their even gentleman. Thus pattern and perspective are achieved among the swarming lives.

Down the perspectives of the story, Lamb goes on "third Wednesdays" in at the Lodge on Great Russell Street to dine with the learned Mr. Cary in the Museum; Hogarth lives again in his house by the river; Anna Seward, the oracular swan, glides about the Bishop's Palace at Lichfield. Light falls for an instant on the grandfathers of Thackeray, of "Erewhon" Butler, on young Butler himself, painting in the Charlotte Street Academy, on D. G. Rossetti, breathing a double inspiration there. The romance of "making" the British Museum, the dazzling, few years of the *London Magazine* are visible. Rogers, elegant and malicious at his breakfasts; Clare, dressed like the clodhopper he was, drinking hard at London dinners ("She said she heard you was very D[runk]; I told her it was not so, you was very merry," wrote Tom Bennion); T. G. Wainewright giving up brilliant writing for more brilliant murdering; Coleridge, for a change, being useful to some one and getting the Dante translation a reading; Rogers, again, pressing the matter of a pension and finally squeezing £200 out of Lord Melbourne;—all these and many more are there, with their characteristic marks upon them.

Because, then, its central figure is no mountain peak, a friendly, modest, sensible eminence rather, times apologetic, making excuse for the "partiality of the biographer," or upon other occasions regretting the conduct of this one or that, his honesty and scholarship are such that he equips you with facts for judging his judgment. Not unseldom one squirms to see some universally known name prefaced with a "great" or a "famous," or a tag inserted to identify a name that needs no tag. Yet in the end, it is certain that no one who has interest in the period can fail to read with zest. Who knows little will learn much, who knows much will feel and see with delight. For the book is thorough, comprehensive, and overflowing with the abolished living of 1775-1850.

The BOWLING GREEN

During the absence of Mr. Morley in Europe general contributions will be run in his column.

Grubbing at Goodspeed's

DOWN four steep little ice-caked steps I dove each morning into the burrow of the shop, scuttling like a mole through the tunnels of the books, back into my stuffy little lair under the rear wall of the old Granary graveyard. Here in a frigid friar's cell with a single leaded pane opening on darkness, I began my subterranean day, lightened only by fits of inept giggling when a friend surprised me in the fiction passage, or by a sandwich munched with nose in some rare worn tome sought in four continents for a bibliophile customer. Sometimes as a special recreation, I plunged headlong into the great dumped mound of a newly purchased library, emerging choked and dust-coated, but with that peculiar purr of spirit known to the bookman who has just skimmed the first delicate cream of his booty.

* * *

On dark days when the great drops tapped on the little back window by the graveyard, the bookshop seemed to gather and snug to itself and become most concentrate. In the dark passages, in the aisles with their strips of cream panelling,—relics of early Boston aristocracy,—by the fireplace with its round black pot, the faint stealthy steps of the rain pattered,—a thick, heavy mist choked the shop, stuffed it to the very doors. Then, anesthetized into a kind of book coma, head on nerveless hand, I sat, the ghostly drops ticking, the stifled smell of bindings, the dusty blur of aged volumes foregathering a pleasant wool in the stupor of my brain.

Only at sundown did the shop fill up with yellow light like a day lily, its pale throat marked with the fine etched lines of the book backs. Then that western voyaging sun hurdled up over the Common, straight into the thin long strip of window, and down the narrow aisles of the shop cut great irregular gashes of gold on the counters and the book-lined walls. From the far end one looked through gilded blocks of strained light to the low rectangle of the out-of-doors, feet, skirts and trousers twinkling past, the Common elms pricked like nettles over the sun, and the sky of heavy drawn gold.

* * *

Then the plunder of the shop; each day a new discovery, and each evening a triumphant sortie with the spoil of the day. It was so "Undine" was first abducted, a diminutive volume with blue back and gold specked boards. Ah, that lovely crystalline style,—like the reflection of a brittle standing water flower, rush-green in the brook! A matchless idyl, full of wells and water-twists and the gurgling tide heard at night.

Pearl-like simplicity and the quaint artless credulity of the Middle Ages,—a picturesque faith that turns life into chivalric patterns of black and white and gold. Pure colorings of an earlier and more spirited age, sunsets that flag to us from the threshold of a wide-eyed and wondering world!

* * *

If it were possible to read simply for overtones, one might proclaim it his reason for enjoying Schnitzler. In "The Road to the Open," there is an overtone, of autumn, a landscape of tint and mist, a listless shedding off of realities, a vacillating indecision. Fall, too, in the esoteric character of George, a weariness as of having tasted and tried all, a knowledge that what is still to be tried will one day turn bitter on the palate. A worn-down, old-world morality that has no vitality for new courages and faiths. Everything has been experienced, nothing new exists. That autumnal blasé, that ennui, that soporific mumble of life going tirelessly past and so little mattering. It is world-removed from our American hopes and energies, yet it has its bitter appeal, the acrid charm of yellow leaves sifting into the mist-blue crucibles of the year's end.

What fine, delicate hair-line strokes Bourget has put into the "Blue Duchess". The most exquisite shading, the slenderest drawn threads of intrigue, one can see that supple, long French hand with old lace falling off the wrist as it pulls the gossamer silks of the story. The bloom of tenderness, the silver dew of first love gradually eluding and escaping the Blue Duchess is a plot that attenuates, etiolates, dies away like thin music. In the feminine world, in the feminene heart, Bourget's genius moves, poises, barely quivers, yet registers the slightest mood of the sensitive emotional strings. What centuries of intensive breeding it takes to produce that quick of the nerves, that sheared inner perception that never misses a heart beat!

* * *

A pagan and heroic passion we found in the "Basia" of Johannus Secundus. An uncalculated gorgeous out-gushing of personality that was in the exuberant key of noon and summer. Even Bostonian inhibitions could not altogether withstand that magnificent blaze of the senses that races like Roman fire between the covers of this ancient book. A symphonic thing—this old "Basia"—love played on full-throated, mellow chords, graceful and rich. Perhaps such pure, robust sensuousness builds to itself an inextinguishable spiritual counterpart. Perhaps, as the Renaissance divined, it needs none.

* * *

Katherine Mansfield ("Bliss and Other Stories") had the painter's sense of composition. She knew what would compose well, what reaction one color, one idea, would superimpose on another. She had the infallible instinct for assembling affinitive detail, detail which rushed together like chemical elements designed for one another, to produce her new substance—the pulse, the emotional lift of the story. Hence her every detail is superlatively pertinent. Reading her is fresh and electric reading, everything pared and scaled, every least color and shade and contour in high, clean piquant light.

* * *

The search for some inner absolutism, some core, some root of sharper actuality than lodges in the facets of physical beauty, this is the pursuit of Arthur Machen. ("Things Near and Far.") No one suffers more from beauty than he. It agonizes him, it slays him, yet he snatches at it, toys with it, fondles it in his lovely prose rhythms, chorals of full-toned lingering sound. Its secret he cannot surprise,—that lonely essence withdrawn from rude human perception. He feels it all about him—the strange breath of intimacy fathering his soul—it is within him as he scourges himself for the inevitability of a phrase. His writing is portentous with this quest, curt physical sense seeking the dark nebulae in which it was conceived.

* * *

At last night,—the shop lights one by one snuffed out, blither voices in the passages and smarter steps over the creaking floors, and a rich darkness hugging the grooves and cells of the books. And now, treasure under arm, I emerge to the apple-green twilight, frost-trimmed like a Christmas postcard, with one immense star, furred with silver, in the aquamarine lake of the west.

CHRISTINE TURNER CURTIS.

The Poetry Society of Louisiana has announced the following prizes for 1926: A General Prize of $100, with no limitations as to form or length; open to contestants throughout the country. A prize of $25, open only to members of the Louisiana Poetry Society. A Student Prize of $15, open only to Louisiana high school and college undergraduates.

The poems must be the original work of the contestant and must never have been published. The manuscript must be typewritten and marked with the name of the prize for which it is submitted. The author's name must be enclosed in a separate envelope inscribed with the title of the poem. Each contestant may submit only one poem in competition for a given prize. No manuscript will be returned, but the poems will remain the property of the authors. Manuscripts should be sent to the Corresponding Secretary of the Society, Dr. John M. McBryde, Tulane University, New Orleans, not later than December 1st. The awards will be made in January, 1927.

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Books of Special Interest

The Filipino Side

THE CONQUEST OF THE PHILIPPINES BY THE UNITED STATES, 1898-1925. By MOORFIELD STOREY and MARCIAL P. LICHAUCO. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by NORBERT LYONS

THE authors of this volume are two of the most active advocates of immediate independence in the United States today. Mr. Storey for a quarter of a century has been the leading spirit of the Anti-Imperialist League. Mr. Lichauco has been making public addresses in favor of Philippine independence for a number of years.

Their joint literary product is an attempt to set a historic background for their arguments and refute the principal contentions of those who believe that Philippine independence would not redound to the benefit of the American and Filipino peoples.

As a historic record, the book falls short of the ordinary standards of fairness and dependability. It presents only such facts as serve to support the independence cause, thus rendering the story incomplete and full of hiatuses. Moreover, it so marshals and co-relates these facts as to place America and Americans in the wrong and the Filipinos in the right on every possible occasion. This too obvious *a priori* attitude of partisanship and unwillingness to concede that the opponent has ever been right or sincere even detracts from the book's effectiveness as a controversial treatise. There are numerous references, numerically listed at the end of each chapter, but none to that treasure-trove of Filipiniana, Dean C. Worcester's "The Philippines Past and Present," and but one to the monumental Philippine source work of Blair and Robertson. Judge D. R. Williams's recent able and well-documented volume on "The United States and the Philippines" has not been consulted.

⁂

The American who reads this volume is expected to learn that the Filipinos had been waging a bitter fight for their independence for years prior to American occupation; that they triumphed in the uprising of 1896-1897; that their leaders did not sell out to the Spaniards at Biac-na-Bato; that the Filipinos by their own unaided prowess drove the Spaniards into the Walled City following the battle of Manila Bay; that the Americans precipitated the hostilities at San Juan Bridge on February 4, 1899, which culminated in the insurrection; that only American soldiers were guilty of atrocities in that contest; that McKinley was an unmitigated hypocrite or worse; that Taft, Elihu Root, and Theodore Roosevelt were insincere tools of the "interests;" that Governor Forbes wholly misunderstood the Philippine problem; that the Filipinos acquitted themselves most commendably during the Harrison régime, when they were given complete control of the government; that President Coolidge deliberately, and viciously prevented the enactment of an independence bill in 1924; that the pro-independence side has never received as much publicity in this country as the anti-independence side; that for twenty-eight years the American people have been deliberately deceived and misled as to actual Philippine conditions; that they haven't had the gumption or intelligence to see the truth; and that only those prominent persons who advocate Philippine independence are the true leaders of thought and opinion in this country.

⁂

The feelings of the authors toward McKinley are especially uncharitable. Independence protagonists have been wont to cite him as the man who first promised the Filipinos their independence. Now we are informed by these two leading pleaders of the cause that:

> Up to Mr. Taft's régime, there had never been any talk at all in official circles about the possibility of ever letting the Filipinos have their independence. No such idea had ever been suggested by President McKinley, the man most responsible for the acquisition of the Islands. True it was that he had spoken of giving the Filipinos "individual rights," and perhaps some ultimate participation in their government, but that the complete withdrawal of American sovereignty should ever follow had not been considered by him.

The last chapter is entitled "An Appeal to Reason," but closes as an ardent appeal to the emotions, the concluding sentences reading:

> "The people of the United States consider themselves sensible, keen, and benevolent. Can they read the record presented in these pages and not resent the things which have been done in their name and insist upon a new assertion of the great principles upon which their government rests?"

Judging from the tone and tenor of their volume, the authors will be disappointed if the people reading it do not rush out to the nearest library, burn all the records of their country's iniquitous past during the past quarter century, hurl fervid imprecations upon the heads of their leading statesmen of that period, recite the declaration of independence, and fling kisses across the Pacific to the Filipino people.

A Record of Change

CYCLOP'S EYE. By JOSEPH AUSLANDER. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $2.00

Reviewed by LESLIE WILSON JENNINGS

IN writing of Joseph Auslander's second volume of poetry I find myself in the position of the child who, looking through a bubble in an old pane of glass, discovers another world entirely—a singularly gratifying place. The illusion comes from standing too close. That is how I feel about Mr. Auslander's poetry. Most of the work in this present volume I have seen as notes, in manuscript, and in proof; I have heard it read by the poet and encountered it in various magazines. And now I leave the familiar observatory—stand aside from the bubble. Oddly enough, it has been less difficult than I had expected; the book, somehow, becomes detached from the maker.

"Cyclop's Eye" is a definite record of mutation; it is also an overlapping of periods, not alone in technique, but in spiritual development. One senses a reaching out for new conclusions through untried channels. And if the man's outlook has changed, what of the poet? Personally, I think this second volume is a finer, stronger achievement than "Sunrise Trumpets." Mr. Auslander has been conscious of a limitation, which is the first step toward growth. There has undoubtedly been a casting of accounts. We can imagine Mr. Auslander's Alter Ego saying: My boy, you're a romanticist, a literary Barbizon! It won't do nowa-days. And Mr. Auslander meets the imputation with such pieces as "Steel," "The Riveter," "Knockout," and "Two That Unlatched Heaven." These are all poems of distinction and power; but I believe what they betoken in Mr. Auslander, the artist, is of more importance than what they actually offer the reader. The reaction from one mood to another has been too violent and not sufficiently modulated. "Steel," for example, has all the trappings of realism, but it remains, nevertheless, a noble bit of sentiment, highly emotionalized. I do not think Mr. Auslander's *métier* will be the pickaxe method of Sandburg or the coagulated bitterness of E. A. Robinson; but I am certain these experiments will streak and add fiber to his future accomplishments. Nothing of the fire and color, the almost Oriental splendor, of his writing will be lost. The gold will be there, yet it will have outgrown the weakness of malleability—iron will be in it!

⁂

Taking the book as it is, I am convinced that "Cyclop's Eye" is a milestone, not only on Mr. Auslander's private pilgrimage, but on a more frequented thoroughfare. True, a careful pruning would have helped. One could dispense with such poems as "Crow," "Farewell and Farewell," "Protest," "Bravura," "Severus to Tiberius Greatly Ennuyé," "Tangent," and most especially "Nostalgia." On the other hand, who but this man could have carved such brilliant intaglios as "Ulysses in Autumn," or produced such intensely-suffered sonnets as the "Fata Morgana" group, which justly carried off the Blindman Prize in 1924? Too little, probably, will be said about "Deadlock" and "They Said," "You Have Gathered Driftwood. . . ." But I think these two poems mark a significant turning point, although neither of them is new. Here is that restraint in statement which lifts the common tragedy of living into genuine poetry.

Erratum

By an unfortunate oversight in the review, published in last week's issue, of Edward H. R. Tatham's "Francesco Petrarca" the book was credited only to the English publisher. It is issued in this country by the Macmillan Company which is about to put out the second volume.

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Books of Special Interest

Chinese Stories

THE INCONSTANCY OF MADAM CHUNG and other Stories from the Chinese. Translated by E. B. HOWELL. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH
Translator of "Fir Flower Tablets"

THE question of translation, especially from the Chinese, is a very knotty one. Two courses lie before the hardy spirit who undertakes to transfer a literary composition, be it poetry or prose, from one language to another. Shall he cling as closely as possible to the original idiom and bring the thing over with its native tang, as it were; or shall he use an English idiom and produce a smoothly running narrative with as few surprises, in the way of flavor, as possible? My own preference is for the literal method. The smooth phrases of today are but the *clichés* of tomorrow, when the salt will have lost its savor; but if the native idiom be adhered to, a faithful representation of a certain definite product is obtained. However, it is a question which certainly bears arguing, and as Mr. Howell declares in his preface: "in my version I have endeavored to give a readable narrative rather than a verbatim equivalent," his work must be regarded from that point of view. He has certainly succeeded in his aim, the stories are delightfully written, and whether Mr. Howell so intended or not, the purple and scarlet of Chinese simile is often apparent.

The six stories, translated by Mr. Howell, are taken from a celebrated collection called the "Chin Ku Chi Kuan," or "Observations of Strange Matters, New and Old." The author is unknown, but is alluded to as "The Old Man Embracing a Jar," and the tales appear to have been written towards the end of the Ming dynasty, a period which coincides with the Elizabethan era in England. There are forty tales in all, and with the exception of two or three, they have been translated at one time or another into Latin, French, German, Dutch, or English, but as these versions are all out of print I doubt if any are now obtainable. We are, therefore, doubly grateful that they are once more made available. We are grateful, too, for the very full notes printed at the end of each chapter, which make the stories more comprehensible.

The men and women described in the stories are very Chinese, and their point of view is absolutely indigenous to the Middle Country. Many of the personalities are well known in history, and the adventures ascribed to them, although possibly but legendary, are thoroughly characteristic of the individuals in question. Furthermore, these stories are all household words in China. Who has not heard of the great Po Ya and his humble friend Tzu-Ch'i? Why, their very names are indicative of a communion of souls which could rise entirely above social barriers—and everyone knows that the woman who fanned her husband's grave in order to dry it the more quickly, that she might marry again, was the inconstant wife of the philosopher Chuang. They know, too, the awful retribution which fell on the fickle lady.

The stories are most illuminating in regard to Chinese characteristics, and are a real contribution to Western literature on the subject. There is, however, one point that I would criticize most severely. Mr. Howell states in the Preface:

> I make no apology for my effort to give a metrical version of the little poems with which the stories are interlarded. Seldom of any literary merit in the original, they frequently descend to the level of mere doggerel, and are inserted, often merely whimsically, often in the spirit of the chorus of Greek tragedy, to relieve the monotony of the prose, the Chinese say. For poetry is not to the Chinese what it is to the Westerner—a thing apart from the affairs of every day. Every scholar in China is a poet. Poetry is a necessary part of his education; and on the walls of every Chinese house hang metrical inscriptions written on scrolls, which are the commonest form of present to friend or relation. The introduction of commentary in the form of verse is therefore by no means out of place in a story in Chinese prose.

Now in his idea that the poems are "seldom of any literary merit in the original," Mr. Howell is quite wrong. The Chinese are very particular to write good poetry in their prose works, and some of those quoted are—in the original—very fine indeed, but they have been turned into dreadful doggerel, and give an entirely wrong impression of the part poetry, when combined with prose, is supposed to play. The idea is that it should provide an elegance, a brilliancy, a finish, to prose, however fine that may be in itself. Tu Fu's poem to Li Tai-po, quoted on page 63, is beautiful in the original. Tu Fu *never* wrote doggerel, and the Songs to the Pæonies is one of Li Tai-po's most famous poems.

The translation and rendering of Chinese poetry is very different from the translation of prose, and it would have been far better if Mr. Howell had been content to confine himself to a simple literal paraphrase of the poems as they appear.

Europe After 1814

EUROPE FROM WATERLOO TO SARAJEVO. By PERCY ASHLEY, C.B., with a supplementary chapter by HARRY ELMER BARNES. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by WALTER S. HAYWARD

MR. ASHLEY has written a concise and interesting sketch of the political development of Europe from the Congress of Vienna in 1814 to the outbreak of war in 1914, that is, a period of exactly 100 years. He traces during this century the growth of nationalism and democracy, showing at the same time the increasing economic interdependence of nations. He attempts to indicate how the forces of national ambitions and racialism, which in the first half of the century had been under control of statesmen, in the latter half of the century had outgrown their swaddling clothes and refused all direction or restraint.

The additional chapter, however, is a controversial appendix which some people, like Mr. Ashley himself, may think in need of surgical excision. It is, perhaps, only in America that two historians, profoundly differing in opinion, could be thus juxtaposited between the same two covers. Mr. Ashley in his preface states, however, that he "disassociates himself competely from, and in some cases disagrees entirely with, the conclusions set out by Professor Barnes—conclusions, both as to facts and as to their interpretation, which seem to him to attach exaggerated importance to incidents and personalities the influence of which was only superficial. Again, in a footnote to this additional chapter, he repeats emphatically that for this "Professor Barnes is solely responsible."

In this chapter, entitled "The Immediate Causes of the World War," Professor Barnes maintains that the evidence for the causes of the war is so well determined now that the responsibility can be assigned with almost mathematical precision. France, and Russia, he says, "must unquestionably be regarded as tied for first place, with Austria, Germany, and England following in the order named." Of course, if it had been a tyro who had made this pronouncement, little credence would have been attached to it, but Mr. Barnes is a well-known professor of historical sociology at Smith College, and hence has some title to serious consideration. Even so it is strange to find one who professes to consider economic, social, and cultural activities as of far greater importance than political, military, and diplomatic events ascribing the primary guilt for the World War to Poincaré's furtherance of the Franco-Russian alliance, or to a manipulation of the system of militarism and secret alliance by individuals.

Professor Barnes is rarely hesitant in emphatic statement of his beliefs. He says, for example, that "no American can with propriety criticize" Austria's non-acceptance of the Serbian surrender to her ultimatum, and as convincing evidence of this he cites the surrender of Spain in 1898 to the American ultimatum. Grey he describes as "A somewhat weak and vacillating character, rather ignorant of the details of foreign policy and diplomatic problems." In fact, if he were not a non-partisan, one might be justified in suggesting that Professor Barnes himself had unconsciously absorbed a bit of that "grotesque mythology concerning war origins" still current among certain European nations.

And when Professor Barnes tells us that "for the first time in the history of mankind the same generation of scholars that witnessed a great European conflict have at their disposal the contents of the archives of the more important governments which participated," it is only possible to think of what a wonderful era we live in when nations, unlike individuals, are willing to tell the truth about themselves, no matter how unpleasant it may be.

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IN LITERARY PRIZES

Offered for everything from definitions to novels were reported in THE WRITER (monthly magazine for authors), during the first six months of 1926, with rules and regulations of each contest. Many other features for writers include technical articles on poetry, story analyses, etc. Clip a one dollar bill to this advertisement and send to THE WRITER, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass., for a four-months' trial subscription and 24-page "Calendar of Words for Professional Writers." (S)

A Letter from France

By MAURICE BOURGEOIS

THERE are more books published in France than one can conveniently read; more, even, than one can possibly recommend. According to the statistics printed in the "Bibliographie de la France," there appeared in 1925 an average of twenty-five new books every day (9403 books in all, of which 1,550 were novels and collections of short stories, 350 poems and works of "pure literature," 290 plays, 245 year-books and almanacs, 181 philosophical treatises). Of course, a good many of the novels—and poems—are transient, flimsy chaff; but, on the whole, the proportion of really negligible books is surprisingly small. Interviewed by Max Frantel of *Comoedia,* Jacques Boulenger, editor of *L'Opinion,* rightly proclaims that "we live in a truly great literary epoch. Never has talent been more plentiful. Good books, good plays abound." Likewise, in his excellent lecture on "The French Writer of To-Day" (printed in *La Revue Hebdomadaire* of February 13), André Bellessort, literary critic of *Le Journal des Débats,* declares that "talent shows no sign of exhaustion in France," that "the vitality of French literature is more powerful than it has ever been," and that "no nation at present has a richer literature than ours."

Whatever may be said of the "immorality" of literary prizes and of the occult manœuvers which their award frequently occasions, they certainly do help the general public in selecting from the enormous literary output. Maurice Genevoix has most deservedly won the Goncourt Prize with his "Raboliot," a "regional" novel dealing with the story of a poacher in Sologne. The author (whose "Rémi des Rauches" was possibly still a better book) is a close student and a brilliant disciple of Guy de Maupassant (on whom he wrote a thesis while at the Ecole Normale Supérieure just before the war) and in an interview with Frédéric Lefèvre has stated that he once thought of becoming a painter—which probably explains the descriptive tendencies of his literary talent. The press, which has regarded Genevoix's success as entirely legitimate, has, on the other hand, almost unanimously criticized the award (by a jury of ladies!) of the "Fémina-Vie Heureuse" Prize to Joseph Delteil's eccentric and often scatological "Jeanne d'Arc" (reviewed in these columns on June 19th of this year). According to certain rumors, this strange verdict is due to the presence in the jury of two foreign ladies: Madame Mary Duclaux (née Robinson) and the president (whose vote is preponderant), Mademoiselle Hélène Vacaresco, Rumanian delegate on the League of Nations. Critics generally consider that the prize should have gone either to Thomas Raucat's exquisite Japanese fantasy, "L'Honorable Partie de Campagne" or to Martial-Piéchaud's remarkable and entirely "healthy" "Vallée Heureuse," an almost Balzacian tale of fatherly selfishness and filial submissiveness in Béarn.

During the last few months, just as there has been in France (owing to the acute financial crisis) a recrudescence of political activity and of political preoccupations, there has been a very striking abundance of books written by politicians and of political novels. Under the general title: "Au Service de la France," President Poincaré has brought out two important volumes of historical reminiscences: "Le Lendemain d'Agadir" and "Les Balkans en Feu." In the rather ill-presented collection "Nobles Vies, Grandes Œuvres" (for which Professor Paul Hazard has written an admirable book on Lamartine), President Clemenceau has published his long-awaited Life of Demosthenes, in which, resorting to the literary artifice already employed by Léon Daudet in "Sylla et Son Destin," he pictures himself in the guise of a hero of antiquity and delivers himself of his post-war "message" (one might even say, of his political testament) in a pregnant, if somewhat turgid and over-oratorical style, marred by Clemenceau's habitual cascades of genitives. It is said that the "Tiger" sent a copy of his book to M. Poincaré with this dedication: "*He*" [meaning Demosthenes] "was an orator"—and another to M. André Tardieu (High Commissioner of France to the United States during the war, and newly re-elected Deputy for the Belfort constituency), marked with these words: "A l'Olympique de Belfort." President Herriot, while taking the waters at Bagnoles-de-l'Orne, penned his fascinating and erudite book, "Dans la Forêt Normande," containing many pages which Michelet himself might have signed. In addition to its descriptions of scenery and other impressions of Normandy, the book (an English translation of which, by Mr. Roland Atkinson, is announced by Messrs. Cassell of London under the title: "Amidst the Forests of Normandy") includes some account of present-day politics.

Political fiction is represented by Pierre Dominique's "Les Mercenaires;" Maurice Duplay's "La Femme de César;" Paul Lombard's "Le Remords;" Henry Champly's "La Complice;" Jacques Sindral's "Mars," and last, but not least, Jean Giraudoux's much talked-of "Bella." These novels are more or less (but to some extent only) "novels with a key:" for instance, in "Le Remords," Molinfâtre is identified by some as Mandel, Le Horteur as Loucheur; "La Complice" recalls the Dreyfus case, the assassination of Jaurès, and the Affaire Steinheil; "La Femme de César" is reminiscent of certain legends relating to the wife of a President of the French Republic. "Bella" deals with the Montagu-Capulet feud between the Rebendart (*viz.* Poincaré) and the Dubardeau (*i.e.* Berthelot) families. The book, which, like Paul Lombard's "Le Remords," possesses eminent literary qualities, is said to be a vengeance of the author on President Poincaré who, while at the Quai d'Orsay, had transferred M. Jean Giraudoux from his post of Chief of the French Missions Abroad to less conspicuous diplomatic duties in Berlin. There is a politician of the Viviani type in "Mars," by "Jacques Sindral" (pseudonym of Alfred Fabre-Luce, the historian of "La Victoire"); the story takes place in the future, when the retrocession of the Saar territory threatens France with a new war; among the most entertaining pages of the book are those describing the influences of ladies on parliamentary activities and those dealing (probably for the first time in French fiction) with the League of Nations.

In his new novel, full of psychological insight and written with rare poetical charm, "Un Homme Seul," Louis Chaffurin (who previously published "L'Amie Étrangère" and "La Fin d'un Milliardaire," the latter book being based on the author's personal acquaintance with a prominent American millionaire) describes at first hand the violent political hatreds in Corsica during an election. In this bird's-eye view of the recent political literature of France, I should not omit Jean Piot's brilliant and witty little book, "Comme Je les Vois," a series of intimate and lifelike close-ups of MM. Herriot, Painlevé, Briand, Millerand, Poincaré, Caillaux, Loucheur, De Monzie, and other leaders of the day, ending with a touching tribute to the memory of the author's predecessor as editor-in-chief of *L'Oeuvre,* the late Robert de Jouvenel (brother of Senator Henry de Jouvenel, French High Commissioner in Syria and Delegate on the League of Nations, editor-in-chief of *Le Matin*), whose untimely death is an irreparable loss to the French political press. President Painlevé himself is the subject of a clever and eloquent short book by J. Ernest-Charles (in the "Collection Critique," edited by Charles Oulmont); the author explains the etymology of the name (from the Breton *pen,* head and *leven,* wealth) and devotes excellent pages to an analysis of President Painlevé's talent as a writer.

There are many other books of interest and distinction, which, owing to lack of space, I can now but mention more or less higgledy-piggledy. It is my most imperative and extremely pleasant duty to record the production by my eminent and revered Professors at the Sorbonne, Messieurs Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian, of a monumental and incomparable "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," of which the British themselves—sportsmen always—admit that they have no equivalent. Fortunately, an English translation by Helen Douglas Irvine and W. A. MacInnes of "that stupendous book" (as Mr. John Galsworthy once called it *dans l'intimité*) will shortly be published by Messrs. Dent of London. Mademoiselle Simone Téry's "L'Ile des Bardes: Notes sur la Littérature Irlandaise Contemporaine" is a lively and particularly readable, if distinctly journalistic, study on the modern Anglo-Irish literary revival; my only grudge against the book is the author's all too frequent and almost textual borrowings (amounting to actual infringement of copyright, as there is no acknowledgement whatsoever) from Ernest Boyd's classic monographs: "The Contemporary Drama of Ireland" and "Ireland's Literary Renaissance," and, in the chapter on Synge, from my own "John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre." J. N. Faure-Biguet's "Montherlant, Homme de la Renaissance" is a most ingenious, erudite, and well-written parallel between the men of the Italian Renaissance and one of the most promising writers of the younger French generation (who has lately gone in for bull-fighting and whose novel "Les Bestiaires"—on his experiences as matador—has just begun to appear in *Le Journal*). Faure-Biguet, literary chronicler on *L'Echo de Paris* and the author of a remarkable new novel, "Les Prisonniers," is a schoolmate and personal friend of Montherlant.

There is a most curious revival of interest in the romantic figure of Marie Bashkirtseff, the strange Russian girl whom Barrès called "Our Lady of the Sleeping-Car:" almost simultaneously, her "Confessions" have been republished as vol. III of the "Cahiers Féminins" series, while no less than four volumes (really, I think this is a little too much of a "good" thing) of her "Cahiers Intimes Inédits" (which, since published, are no longer "inédits") have also seen the light, together with the perfect volume entitled: "Moussia ou la Vie et Mort de Marie Bashkirtseff," a novelized but exceedingly well-documented and brilliantly written biography by Albéric Cahuet, who had already depicted "Moussia" in his excellent novel "Le Masque aux Yeux d'Or." The persistent fascination of Marie is proof of the superabundant romanticism of our day.

On the Air

THE following have been selected as ten of the most outstanding contributions in the July periodicals by a committee of librarians. A digest of the articles, prepared by the *Saturday Review of Literature* was broadcast through Station WOR.

THE WHITE HORSE OF SAM PARKS—Elmer Davis in *Harper's Magazine.*

The author tells the story of graft on a wide scale in the building trades of America from the days of the notorious Sam Parks through those of Brindell down to the present day.

THE WETS AND THE WEST—George Fort Milton in *Century.*

Newspaper polls have indicated a nation-wide dissatisfaction with the Volstead Act; but Mr. Milton, after a swing around the circle, believes the West is as dry as ever.

COTTON AND THE SUDAN—Dwight B. Heard in *Review of Reviews.*

The author describes a visit he has made to the Sudan studying cotton areas resulting from British irrigation projects. He informs us that the British are our chief competitors in growing the long staple cotton.

WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN—Emil Ludwig in *Forum.*

An unsparing analysis of the man who aroused more animosity than any other figure of his epoch. Mr. Ludwig approaches his past with the utmost impartiality. This article is of historical importance.

THE PESTIFEROUS ALUMNI—Percy Marks in *Harper's Magazine.*

What is the matter with the colleges? "Their alumni," says the author and in full detail explains why he believes its rooters to be the bane of American higher education.

THE COURTSHIP OF ANIMALS—Julian Huxley in *Forum.*

A study of the amorous psychology and behavior of birds and beasts by Professor Julian Huxley, grandson of Thomas Huxley. The author explains the animal's use of bright colors and adornment.

LIBERATING A CITY—Silas Bent in *Century.*

Cincinnati has been suffering from a process of self poisoning. Now, through the initiative of a young college graduate, the city has been cleansed, and the voters are once more the masters of their community.

THE RUSSIAN EFFORT TO ABOLISH MARRIAGE.—A Russian Woman in *Atlantic Monthly.*

Written by a woman resident in Russia. It is an astonishing account of how the Soviet has sought to abolish marriage and of what Gomorrah-like chaos ensues.

DANIEL BOONE—Clarence Walworth Alvord in *American Mercury.*

The traditional view of Daniel Boone is that he was a great explorer. Dr. Alvord here presents evidence to the contrary in an interesting article based on historical truths.

PLUS FOURS TO THE RESCUE—Cornelia Stratton Parker in *Survey Graphic.*

An eye-witness account of the volunteer service in England during the British general strike when Oxford and the graduates and civilians came to the rescue during the labor tie-up.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Belles Lettres

RAMBLES AND REFLECTIONS. By A. C. BENSON. Putnam's. 1926.

Calm, correct, and occasionally pleasing, these posthumous essays by A. C. Benson, late Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, will be of interest to leisurely readers who demand neither vigor nor depth in an essayist. The scope and temper of the collection is admirably indicated by the title, "Rambles and Reflections." The substance consists of random notes and miscellaneous opinions, seasoned ever so slightly with the metaphysics of a perfect gentleman. Mr. Benson will not offend the most captious, but, on the other hand, he will not stimulate the most impressionable. At best the reader will say, "Oh, yes. How true!" Energy of thought and expression is decidedly lacking; effectiveness is an undetected quality. The wonderings in Mr. Benson's mind were, if we may judge by these samples, either conventional or unformed, and it is with such enervating material that the volume is largely filled. It must be understood, however, that A. C. is spasmodically felicitous; furthermore, he is always the scholar in reflective mood. But when we have said so much in praise, we have said all.

THE MODERN NOVEL. Some Aspects of Contemporary Fiction. By ELIZABETH A. DREW. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $2.

This book is avowedly written for "the plain reader" to orient him in the mysteries of the contemporary novel but the author's conception of the plain reader is a rather high one. She gives him credit for a running acquaintance with the best of contemporary literature and for sufficient intelligence to follow a subtle technical analysis. Hence other readers, less plain, may also profit from the volume. Besides the opening chapter on "The Novel and the Age" and the special studies of Galsworthy, Wells, Bennett, and Conrad, the book contains discussions of "The American Scene," "Is There a Feminine Fiction?" "The New Psychology" devoted to Lawrence, Dorothy Richardson, and Joyce, and "Sex Simplexes and Complexes" devoted to everybody. Without claiming to be particularly original or profound, the author is shrewd, sharp-eyed and sane.

THE WOODEN MAN. By *Gilbert Norwood.* Macmillan.

LAY THOUGHTS OF A DEAN. By *William Ralph Inge.* Putnam. $2.50.

WHITHER BOUND? By *Franklin D. Roosevelt.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ESSAYS. Edited by *Jacob Zeitlin.* Scribners.

A STUDY OF BRITISH GENIUS. By *Havelock Ellis.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

ON MANY THINGS. By *Otto H. Kahn.* Boni & Liveright. $3.

Biography

RUBY ROBERT (ALIAS BOB FITZSIMMONS). By ROBERT H. DAVIS. Doran. 1926. $1.50.

THE ART OF BOXING. By GEORGES CARPENTIER. Doran. 1925. $1.50.

Of late the cauliflower profession has blossomed expansively into literature. Last year James J. Corbett published his reminiscenses, and one R. F. Dibble executed a hilarious caricature of John L. Sullivan. And here are the portraits of two more boxers.

Robert Davis, who writes of that careering bubble of brawn, Ruby Robert, alias Bob Fitzsimmons, is a journalist who was despatched by Mr. Hearst to cover the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight in Carson City, Nevada, in 1897. In his pages rises the picture of that sun-struck ringside at the end of the historic fourteenth round—the fluttering press-men, the frantic crowd, William A. Brady bowed in his seat, Senator John Ingalls of Kansas with his hand between the folds of his frock coat, and in the ring the mighty Corbett prone and helpless at the feet of a gangling, knock-kneed, barrel-chested youth from Australia. Thus Ruby Robert won his title. Other pictures follow—Fitzsimmons making a speech ("Gentlemen"—he swallowed — "friends" — he choked—"I am sorry to say that some sucker has swiped my notes"—). Fitzsimmons treading the boards as the hero in "The Fight for Lover" ("His speaking voice was high and penetrating and he never forgot his lines"). Fitzsimmons sitting down to a scrap of breakfast (". . . eggs, toast and coffee, ham, bacon, lamb chops"). Fitzsimmons *en famille* ("'I want you kids to learn table manners. . . . The less noise you make wen you h'eat, the better people like it.'"). The book is very short, very amusing, capably written. Mr. Davis's thought, under his airy journalistic manner, is informed with a deep and obviously sincere affection for the man Fitzsimmons.

No book like this will ever be written about Georges Carpentier. None is needed. That boxer writes himself down between the lines of a handbook on the manly art, a volume indited by his own hand in precise and simple French and here translated into equally precise and simple English. He treats of feints and styles, of the advisability of stepping out to avoid a left-hand jab, and the best way to bandage the knuckles. On these matters he is authoritative and graphic, and one perceives the clarity of mind that enabled him, despite physical handicaps, to fight his way through all weights to the light-heavyweight championship of Europe and the toasts of Parisian boulevards. No capering bully-boy he, but a suave and winning gentleman who wears an orchid in his buttonhole and leads a greyhound when he walks abroad. Yet already he is following the faded Fitzsimmons; even as that merry fellow wavered before the terrible Jeffries so Carpentier the other day sagged and swayed under the punches of a certain Tommy Loughran in Philadelphia. Life deals brusquely with champions; well for them that they can hunch their lean shadows in a last bow or two in print.

RELUCTANTLY TOLD. By JANE HILLYER. Macmillan. 1926. $2.

If Jane Hillyer's story is "reluctantly told," the reader is not made oppressively aware of the fact. A narrative so profoundly personal might have been marred by an artificial reticence or an obtrusive egotism. There is nothing of either defect. The writing is done with rare literary ability; its restraint is that of an artist who awakens interest suggestively, from a background rich and dark with material. The author gives us, with fine courage, a sane and objective account of the four long years of her mental breakdown. She reveals the mind feeling the disintegration in its functioning capacity; glimpsing the abysses of its own nature; struggling in vain against the forces hidden there; degraded by its self-bound desires, cut off from the world's understanding and incapable of control; sinking sometimes into merciful oblivion; climbing slowly and painfully back to the domination of sober reason.

It is a document of compelling human interest. Often it is relieved by the touch of a native humor, which seems to light the author upon her upward path. This serves to enhance the objective value of the book, whereby the mind diseased is depicted as something not so remote and different from the nature of us all, if we but knew it. Miss Hillyer found her opportunity for lasting rehabilitation through the modern psychotherapy which accepts mental disorder as largely a matter of personal adjustment. She outlines the process by which she learned to face the facts of her own history, to see the supplanting of external reality in her early life by phantasy-created desire and fear. Her narrative presents the contrast with the older attitude, prevailing in the institutions where she spent her years of darkness. She writes without rancor, but with a realization of the difference which should set us all thinking.

BRAWNYMAN. By JAMES STEVENS. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

This book is written by an ex-hobo, lumber jack and teamster. He is, in our opinion, the most promising citizen in the state of Washington. "Brawnyman" deals with a phase of life never before given . . . that of a migratory worker. Stevens is, so far as we know, the only man of this vast horde who has really become articulate.

In this book James Stevens begins where the academic writers leave off. As a result, he has the soul of a laborer between his pages. In chapter twenty-four Stevens tells one of the greatest animal stories ever told. It is Paul Bunyan talking out loud. It is unique, highly imaginative, vivid and beautiful. Here is a paragraph:

> Banks of fireweed grew along the scalding creeks which flowed under plumes of steam through the red pepper pastures where the lava bears roved. The Volcano Country, my lads, was a warm, warm land. . . . And the only notable creatures that lived in the Volcano Country were the lava bears, which had cast iron feet and asbestos hides; the lightning birds, which had lamps in their tails, and left blue streaks wherever they flew.

"Brawnyman" is as true to the phase of life which he depicts as Hamlin Garland's "Son of the Middle Border." It is the record of a groping life, made articulate by Mencken, hard work and imagination.

JEFFERSON. By *Albert Jay Nock.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.

TODAY AND TOMORROW. By *Henry Ford* in Collaboration with *Samuel Crowther.* Doubleday, Page. $3.50 net.

CHARLES BULLER AND RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT. By *E. M. Wrong.* Oxford University Press. $5.

THE BEST LETTERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. Selected and edited by *J. G. de Roul-Lac Hamilton.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE BLAZED TRAIL OF THE OLD FRONTIER. By *Agnes C. Laut.* McBride. $4 net.

HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE INQUISITION IN PORTUGAL. By *Alexandre Herculano* and *John C. Branner.* Stanford University Press.

ELBERT HUBBARD OF EAST AURORA. By *Felix Shay.* New York: William H. Wise.

CONVERSATIONS WITH ANATOLE FRANCE. By *Nicolas Ségur.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

UNDER THE ROSE. By *Anatole France.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THE ART OF NARRATION. By *Mary Ellen Chase* and *Frances K. del Plaine.* Crofts.

Drama

THE PRACTICAL THEATRE. By FRANK SHAY. Appleton. 1926. $1.50.

The value of this new handbook for little theatres lies in its note of authenticity. Mr. Shay writes from wide experience with such successful producing groups as the Washington Square Players, the Provincetown Players, and as the present director of the Barnstormers. He wastes no space on any lengthy history of the little theatre as an idealistic "movement," but taking ideals for granted, proceeds directly to methods of work. Defining the practical theatre as an unendowed institution thriving entirely on its appeal to its audience, he gives invaluable suggestions for the organization of producing groups, differentiating between those of individual initiation, and those serving community needs, outlining the duties of the director, the play-reader, the stage manager, the crew of committees. The selection of plays is considered, giving illustrative bills. The production of a play is followed from its casting through all the rehearsals including light and scene, to its opening performance. Especially illuminating are the chapters on financing. "A little theatre is only as strong as its financial management," insists Mr. Shay, "but if your organization is based on good and sound business principles your life will be as long as your art." Budget keeping, plant and production expenses are handled in detail, while paid advertising and general publicity are well covered, cuts of tickets, handbills, posters providing lessons for the eye. Mention must be made, too, of the excellent bibliographies and the helpful list of books that every little theatre will need to possess in its working library.

Crisp, and tensely written, altogether this manual is delightfully stimulating, one that should put new zeal into old organizations and guide new ones along the lines of success.

RELIGIOUS DRAMAS. Vol. II. Selected by the Committee on Drama of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Century. 1926.

It is more than doubtful whether this series will justify the enthusiastic hope of a writer in the Boston *Transcript* that it "hails a new era of the return of the drama to the church whence it sprang." Probably, if there is "returning" on either side, it is on that of the church rather than on that of the drama. And it is a little difficult to follow the reasoning of the publishers when they say of Marshall N. Goold, the writer of three out of the ten plays in the volume, that he "has been through two wars and had six years at sea, and should therefore be able to write really valuable religious drama." At this rate, what tremendously valuable religious drama Napoleon and Lord Nelson might have written! As a matter of fact, Mr. Goold has other and more important qualifications than those mentioned: a sure dramatic instinct, constructive ability, and

(*Continued on next page*)

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON
by FRANCIS W. HIRST

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Do you know that Sinclair Lewis once held a janitor's job, and ran a patent washing machine? Why Thomas Hardy, 86 years old, is called "the most modern of moderns"? Anatole France's real name? The extraordinary truth about David Grayson? That Jeffrey Farnol once worked a forge—and won a five-shilling bet by climbing the inside of a 120-foot chimney? Years ago your author was wrapped in a haze of deepest mystery. What was his favorite breakfast food? Did he enjoy doing the schottische? Was he married, single, divorced or all there? Nobody knew.

* * *

It is natural that the reader should want to know something about the story-teller. It gives a better background and makes possible a more complete understanding. And so the Doubleday, Page Bookshop Company has arranged with some of the publishers to distribute several "critical estimates" of such authors as Thomas Hardy, James Stephens, Anatole France, David Grayson, Theodore Dreiser, James Branch Cabell, Edna Ferber, Jeffrey Farnol and Sinclair Lewis. This information has come to me through the Book Dial, a publication issued six times a year and distributed through the Doubleday Shops in New York City, St. Louis and Kansas City, Missouri, Cleveland, Ohio, and Springfield, Mass. Each of these shops, by the way, is operated as a real bookstore and there is no "chain grocery" effect.

* * *

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* * * *

No one would expect any two issues of the Saturday Review of Literature to be alike in content. Although this periodical is devoted to only one subject, each week finds it treating that subject from new angles, and in different ways. That's what makes it "interesting reading." The various personalities that go into the make-up of each weekly issue prevent the possibility of any two being exactly alike. It's very easy for the humanness of bookpeople to change all of our institutions and that is what makes everything about books and those who make, sell and write about them, worth while.

ELLIS W. MEYERS,
Executive Secretary,
American Booksellers' Association.

The New Books

Drama

(*Continued from preceding page*)

a command of blank verse that deserves recognition. His three plays, "The Quest Divine," "St. Claudia," and "The Shepherds" would gain by separate publication. The rest of those in the volume are of more religious than dramatic interest. Presumably, like the plays of the first volume, these too are intended, as they are well adapted, for amateur production.

TYPICAL ELIZABETHAN PLAYS. By *Felix E. Schelling.* Harpers. $4.

Fiction

SPRING SOWING. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY. Knopf. 1926.

Liam O'Flaherty, product of Synge's Aran Islands, fighter in France and Ireland, sailor of the seven seas, and tramp on four continents is one of the new-comers in literature who is worth watching. He is a kind of Irish Gorki. Free, savage, mordant, his tendernesses are sardonic, his caresses intermingled with blows. His own fierce energy is imparted to everything of which he treats, landscape, animals, and humans. He is symptomatic of the newer Ireland that gave up dreaming of her past in order to fight for her present freedom. "Spring Sowing" hurls its short stories at the reader like bombs. One comes out of the encounter bruised and scarred, perhaps needing some time to recuperate, but with a wholesome respect for Mr. O'Flaherty's power and, if one's nerves are strong and stomach stout, an eagerness to meet him on his next battle-field.

Undisillusioned admirers of humanity, if there are any left nowadays, must settle their accounts with this man. His picture of human nature, evidently sincere, evidently drawn from close observation, is far from flattering. In these stories many varieties of men and other animals are introduced, and the other animals stand on a decidedly higher level of civilization than the men. His birds especially are delightful people. Horses and sheep are treated with respectful sympathy. Even the despised cow is the heroine of a particularly moving tale. But Mr. O'Flaherty's farmers and fishermen and other specimens of the *genus homo* are plagued with all the deadly sins, victims of the most brutal forms of blood lust and sex lust, greed, envy, and hatred, a most pitiable crew. The author does not parade his pity; his overt attitude is rather that of a hard objectivity; but the pity is there, all the more poignant for its suppression.

THE RED LEDGER. By FRANK L. PACKARD. Doran. 1926. $2.

Old Henri Charlebois had passed the greater portion of his many years, until retarded prosperity overtook him, in failure, solitude, ill health, and privation. Then, with deserved and boundless wealth at his command, he starts paying back all those to whom he owes either good-will or animosity. His methods of discharging these debts are so intricate that he must needs employ a large staff of trustworthy and fearless assistants to handle the manifold details. One of his chief aides, a rugged and courageous youth, is the character whose perilous adventures in dispensing the old man's doles of justice provide the turbulent action with more than its share of the thrilling and mysterious. In this vein, Mr. Packard has never done better.

JACOB'S WELL. By PIERRE BENOIT. Translated from the French by ANGELO S. RAPPAPORT. International Publishers. 1926. $2.

Most epople would like to learn something about the Zionist Movement if they could do so without effort. M. Benoit's interesting novel, "Jacob's Well," will exactly meet this desire. It gives a sufficiently accurate picture of the movement and is at the same time a rather fascinating story. "Jacob's Well" might stand as a refutation of the putative statement of King Ferdinand which M. Benoit quotes: "The Zionist is a Jew who pays another to go and live in Zion." M. Benoit feels the poetry of the Zionist ideal, recognizes the Messianic zeal in many of its followers, and presents vividly the actual situation in Palestine with all its hardships, discouragements, and unnoted heroisms. He indulges in no false sentiment. The leading character, Hagar Moses, a Levantine courtesan transiently caught up in the Zionist movement, is depicted convincingly without mawkish moralizings or equally mawkish æstheticisms, Her husband, the hunchback idealist Isaac Cochbas, is drawn with equal [illegible] Rapid succession of incidents and a not too extravagant plot hold the reader's attention throughout.

THE SUNKEN GARDEN. By NATHALIA CRANE. Seltzer. 1926. $2.

Here is a first novel hot from the typewriter of the famous Miss Crane,—one must, at the age of thirtten, forever lay aside "Nathalia" and "the Brooklyn wonder-child"—which is naturally to be studied with a special interest in view of the success of the author's two books of poems, and the even greater journalistic success of the controversy about her work.

It proves to be a romantic story, all about two castaways who undergo a great many trials and tribulations at the hands of nature and the elements, on an island off the African coast. The island is completely equipped with all the proper tropical flora and fauna, and a highly diverting time is had, together and separately, by the pair, until they are separated by a final tragedy. The male castaway is delightfully named Octans, and is a descendant of one of the thirteenth century child crusaders, who strayed to Africa. The heroine is less interesting, a mere modern girl from a wrecked yacht, recalling Barrie's Lady Angela. The process of their education and establishment of a life on the island forms the bulk of the book, and Nathalia Crane goes through the paces much as Defoe or Bernardin de St. Pierre, or Rose Macaulay and H. de Vere Stacpoole have before her. There are individual moments in the story that have the greatest charm and liveliness. The account of the Children's Crusade, and the description of the python, for instance, could scarcely be improved. But it is worth setting down that the little poems separating each section of the book, and the author's advertisement, are clearly superior to the prose narrative.

It is a little difficult to see why Nathalia Crane's abstract feeling for words, and her talent for using them, should be more effective in verse than in a novel, but at present this is the case. The lush prose of "The Sunken Garden," in which she uses so many colorful descriptive words and so many picturesque but obscure names, is not an impressive accomplishment for an author of her experience. This sophisticated simplicity is dangerously like the tedious magazine romances of her elders. In fact, "The Sunken Garden" is not at all a childish book in either its qualities or its defects. It shows the fine and sensitive mental quality of her earlier work, and an astonishing lyric sense, even as her poems do. However, it also bears frequent traces of library research and hothouse imagination of a type not particularly healthy. Perhaps these are the signs of immaturity. Provided they do not seriously affect Miss Crane's poetry, no one can seriously object to her getting them out of her system in a novel.

THE SCAMP. By *Virgil Markham.* Macmillan. $2.25.

ANTON REISER. By *Philipp Moritz.* Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

THE WONDERING MOON. By *George Weston.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE LEPER SHIP. By *Isadore Lhevinne.* New York: Halcyon Books. $2.

HONEYMOON'S END. By *Howard Rockey.* Macaulay. $2 net.

MEN CALL IT LOVE. By *Inez Sabastien.* Macaulay. $2 net.

THE LOST PEARL. By *Francis Grierson.* Clode.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF JAMES SHERVINGTON. By *Louis Becke.* Lippincott.

CALEB PEALEE. By *Frank K. Rich.* Altemus. $2 net.

THE SECRET LOVE HOUSE. By *Maravene Thompson.* $2.

THE BANDIT PRINCE. By *Sessue Hayakawa.* Macaulay. $2 net.

Foreign

LES FORMES DE GOUVERNMENT DE GUERRE. Les Presses Universitaires de France (Yale University Press).

LA LÉGISLATION EN L'ADMINISTRATION ALLEMANDE EN BELGIQUE. By *J. Pirenne* and *M. Vauthier.* Les Press Universitaires de France (Yale University Press).

MONUMENTS DES PRIX ET DES SALAIRES PENDANT LA GUERRE. By *Lucien March.* Les Presses Universitaires de France (Yale University Press).

EL CASTIGO DEL DISCRETO. By *Lope de Vega.* Together with A Study of Conjugal Love in His Theatre. By *William L. Fichter.*

UNTER ESKIMOS UND WALFISCHFÄNGERN. By *Kurt Faber.* Stuttgart: Lutz.

ARCHIV FÜR BUCHGEWERBE UND GEBRAUCHSGRAPHIK. Typographie als Kunst. Leipzig: Verlag des Deutschen Buchgewerbevereins.

DIE MATRATZENGENFT. By *Alfred Meissner.* Stuttgart: Lutz.

VON DER LIEBE DEN FRAUEN UND DER GALANTERIE AUS NINON DE LENCLOS BRIEFEN. By *A. Sanger.* Stuttgart: Lutz.

L'ART ET LA PHILOSOPHIE DES INDIENS DE L'AMÉRIQUE DU NORD. By *Hartley Burr Alexander.* Paris: Leroux.

History

ANGLO-DUTCH RELATIONS FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE DEATH OF WILLIAM THE THIRD. By J. F. BENSE. Oxford University Press. 1925. $5.50.

In preparing a dictionary of the Low-Dutch elements in the English vocabulary, Dr. Bense found it necessary to study the relations, commercial, political, and literary, between England and the Low Countries. The present volume thus serves as a kind of introduction to the forthcoming dictionary, but may also be read independently as an historical sketch of the indebtedness of English to Dutch civilization. Place-names such as Frisby indicate Frisian settlements in England before the Norman Conquest. In the twelfth century there were colonies of Flemings in Wales, and from that time on inhabitants of the Low Countries came to England in large numbers, chiefly as weavers, whose superior craftsmanship often aroused the jealousy of the English. In the sixteenth century immigrants who sought refuge from Alva's religious persecutions became as influential as the manufacturers and artisans. Dr. Bense records every possible kind of Dutch influence from the introduction of important arts, like that of printing, which Caxton learned at Bruges, to the sport of skating, which Pepys first saw in December, 1661, and thought "a very pretty art." In general, the book is a compilation of facts rather than an interpretation of history. An elaborate index makes it a useful work of reference.

BRITISH INDIA FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH TO LORD READING. By An Indian Mahommedan. Putnam. $8.50.

MACEDONIA, THRACE, AND ILLYRIA. By *Stanley Casson.* Oxford University Press. $7.

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN EUROPE. By *Frederic Austin Ogg.* Revised edition. Macmillan.

RURAL SCOTLAND DURING THE WAR. By *David I. Jones, H. M. Conacher, Joseph F. Duncan,* and *W. R. Scott.* Oxford University Press.

Miscellaneous

STEPCHILDREN OF MUSIC. By *Eric Blom.* Dial. $2.50.

DICTIONARY OF COSTING. By *R. J. H. Ryall.* Pitman. $3.

SALESMEN IN MARKETING STRATEGY. By *Leverett S. Lyon.* Macmillan.

A POPULAR ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF HEALTH. By *Lee K. Frankel.* A. & C. Boni. $3.50.

PLAIN TALES OF THE NORTH. By *Capt. Thierry Mallet.* Putnam. $2.

GAMES FOR SPANISH CLUBS. By *Colley F. Sparkman.* New York: Institute de las Espanas en las Estados Unidos.

MIND MAKES MEN GIANTS. By *Richard Lynch.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

ACHIEVEMENT. American Educational Press.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS FOR NORMAL PEOPLE. By *Geraldine Coster.* Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

THE MIND OF THE MILLIONAIRE. By *Albert W. Atwood.* Harpers. $2.50.

MEN AND RUBBER. By *Harvey S. Firestone* in collaboration with *Samuel Crowther.* Doubleday, Page. $3.50 net.

THE DUFFER'S HANDBOOK OF GOLF. By *Grantland Rice.* Illustrated by *Clare Briggs.* Macmillan. $3.50.

Pamphlets

SCOTT'S KENILWORTH. Dramatised for School Use by *E. C. Abbott.* Oxford University Press. 15 cents.

SCOTT'S WOODSTOCK. Dramatized for School Use by *E. C. Abbott.* Oxford University Press. 15 cents.

WHEN JOHN WESLEY PREACHED IN GEORGIA. By E. Merton Coulter. Savannah: Georgia Historical Society.

THE BRITISH ACADEMY. *Sir Adolphus William Ward.* 1837-1924. London.

AMERICAN OPINION OF GERMAN UNIFICATION. By *John Gerow Gazley.* Columbia University Press.

DEVOLUTON IN GREAT BRITAIN. By *Wan-Hsuan Chiao, Ph.D.* Columbia University Press.

THE POETRY OF UGO FOSCOLO. By *Antonio Cippico.* Oxford Press. 35 cents.

SHAKESPEARE IN INDIA. By *C. J. Sisson.* Oxford Press. 70 cents.

ENGLISH HANDWRITING. By *Roger Fry* and *E. A. Lowe.* Oxford University Press.

SCOTT'S POLAR JOURNEY AND THE WEATHER. By *G. C. Simpson.* Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

EXCAVATIONS AT CARTHAGE. By *Francis W. Kelsey.* Macmillan.

READNG: A VICE OR A VIRTUE? By *Theodore Wesley Koch.* Evanston, Chicago: Northwestern University.

ON THE COLOPHONS AND MARGINALIA OF IRISH SCRIBES. By *Charles Plummer.* Oxford University Press. $1.

THE BIBLE TREASURE CHEST. Oxford University Press. $1.

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH IN THE POST-WAR WORLD. By *Alfred Zimmern.* Oxford Press. One Shilling net.

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Poetry

AVENUES OF SONG. By MARY BALLARD DURYEE. The Brick Row Book Shop. 1926.

Miss Duryee's unpretentious volume of poems, like so many others, falls under the too common head of undistinguished lyrics. There are occasional lines in which there is a fine consciousness of vowel and consonantal values—

And heard between my love and me
Drownéd Death ride by.

There are other lines in which a poignancy of feeling is suggested rather than said—

The night rain hems us all about,
Even our thoughts cannot slip out.

Finally two which have the rare sound, charm—

Study magic not profoundly—
Lest you nevermore sleep soundly.

But this is the best than can be said. The reader may find fragments that are pleasing, but he will not find anything approaching the most fugitive thrill of discovery. Pleasant and sheltered and sensitive to emotion as the poems are, nothing obscures the fact that they have nothing in particular to say and no particular way of saying it. They are poetical lyrics, negative to a degree, that even so short a while ago as a decade would have been dubbed feminine and so damned.

QUEST. By *Eleanor Slater.* Yale University Press. $1.25.

PROMETHEUS. By *Clarence W. Mendell.* Yale University Press. $2.

NEGRO WORKADAY SONGS. By *Howard W. Odum* and *Guy B. Johnson.* University of North Carolina Press. $3.

BEYOND THE ROCKIES. By *William Augustus Banks.* Dorrance.

SELECTED POEMS OF ALEXANDER POPE. Edited by *Louis J. Bredvold.* Crofts.

GREENSTONE POEMS. By *Witter Bynner.* Knopf. $2.50 net.

THE FORMS OF POETRY. By *Louis Untermeyer.* Harcourt, Brace.

SPARKS AND EMBERS. By *Edna Denham Raymond.* Seltzer. $1.75.

YEAR BOOK OF POEMS: 1926. Edited by *Charles Hammond Gibson.* Boston: American Poetry Association.

SINGING RAWHIDE. By *Harold Hersey.* Doran. $1.50 net.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON POEMS. Second Series. Edited by Glenn Hughes. University of Washington. $1.75.

SAVONAROLA. By *Charlotte Eliot.* London: Cobden Sanderson.

SAPLINGS. Pittsburgh: Scholastic Publishing Co. $1.50.

EPITHALAMION. By *Edmund Spenser.* Crofts.

Science

ICE AGES. By *A. P. Coleman.* Macmillan. $4.

CLOUDS AND WEATHER PHENOMENA. By *C. J. P. Cave.* Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES. By *Florence Armstrong Grondal.* Macmillan. $5.

Travel

THE PARIS THAT IS PARIS. By *Watson White.* Scribners. $3.

FLORIDA. By *Kenneth L. Roberts.* Harpers. $2.50.

ISLAND NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT IN THE SOUTH SEAS. By *Robert Louis Stevenson.* (Everyman's Library). Dutton. 80 cents.

WANDERINGS IN SOUTH AMERICA. By *Charles Waterton.* Dutton. 80 cents each.

THE LURE OF ENGLISH CATHEDRALS. By *Frances M. Gostling.* McBride. $2.50 net.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

NIZE BABY. By *Milt Gross* (Doran).

A STUDY OF BRITISH GENIUS. By *Havelock Ellis* (Houghton Mifflin).

SOME AMERICAN LADIES. By *Meade Minnigerode.* (Putnam).

(Capt.) A. W., Washington, D. C., has seen a brief review of a book on great circle sailing, and asks for its title and publisher.

THIS is "Great Circle Sailing," by L. M. Berkley (White Book Co., N. Y., $1.50). A great circle is a circle whose plane cuts the centre of the sphere and divides the globe into halves. Navigators choose to sail along the perimeter of a great circle whenever they can, and this book makes it possible to do so by exact formulæ.

Now let us demand of those who prepare for us manuals of ethical navigation, a similar text-book for sailing on great circles in human relations. One could then be sure, for example, of steering an exact course between the respective rights of capital and labor, Church and State, or, on a smaller scale, between the parties of a divorce suit. Get out your formulæ, determine a great circle, and proceed on a mondial course. It would be such a comfort if rights, duties, and obligations could be made to fall apart into two neat halves; as it is they have a way of coming out deplorably lopsided.

There's something in this idea of great circle sailing about which the mind likes to play, and the reason why I could tell Captain W. the name of his book so readily is because when first I saw the notice of it the above thoughts pirouetted into my head.

I. S. D., Polestine, Texas, asks if I can recommend a one-volume history of England to replace Green's "Short History," burned with this reader's library.

THE one I not only recommend to others but keep at hand for my personal use is Mowat's "History of Great Britain" (Oxford University Press). This is a fat little book of many pages and excellent illustrations; one must have had some experience with Oxford books to believe that with a page so small the type could be so clear and readable and the illustrations so comfortable to the eye. Though so large a subject is treated there is no forced condensation, and though it is to be used as a text-book it is adapted to the purpose of the home reader.

M. I. H., Beacon, N. Y., is making out a program of club study of comparative religions.

DR. ROBERT HUME'S "The World's Living Religions" (Scribner's), is a small manual prepared, I believe, for use by theological students as an introduction to the subject. The text-book arrangement makes it especially well adapted to use by a study group, and the reading-lists, models of their kind, lead the interest of the student along lines of further research. It is accurate in its statements and imbued with sweet reasonableness.

L. A. R., Stockton, Cal., asks for books to help in planning a study course on Mexico past and present.

"MEXICO of the Mexicans," by Lewis Spence (Scribner), is a general survey of life and conditions, like the other books about countries in this valuable series. The racial problem is given careful treatment by Wallace Thompson in "The People of Mexico" (Harper), and the same author's "The Mexican Mind" (Little, Brown), which describes traits and customs of the people, should be kept at hand. A friendly and funny book is C. M. Flandrau's "Viva Mexico!" (Appleton), which more than one American resident has told me is an excellent method of getting an idea of what life there is like, to a sympathetic American. Vernon Quinn's "Beautiful Mexico" (Stokes), is full of pictures of landscapes and architecture, a book for the intending traveller or one who is looking for a reviver of memories. "Mexico: an Interpretation," by Carleton Beals (Huebsch), is a social history of the nation, especially in its relation to other countries. The problem of her relation to us is discussed in C. L. Jones's "Mexico and Its Reconstruction" (Appleton), and, among other problems, in E. D. Trowbridge's "Mexico Today and Tomorrow" (Macmillan). If this club is arranging its meetings in the order of a tour of the principal cities, "The Pretender Person," by Margaret Cameron (Harper), an amusing travel novel, will help in planning the journey.

M. O. Eldersley, Saskatchewan, Canada, asks for a comprehensive book on dramatic construction, suitable for a beginner.

"THE Technique of Play Writing," by Charlton Andrews, one of the publications of the Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass., is suitable for a beginner, and George Pierce Baker's "Dramatic Technique" (Houghton Mifflin), is comprehensive, so you will have to have both of them, and don't stop before you read William Archer's "Play-making" (Small, Maynard).

J. M. J., Pinehurst, N. C., asks about books on the technique of short-story writing with which to supplement a correspondence course.

THE college student who has taken all sorts of courses and can't write, and heaven knows there are plenty of them, should read "Better Writing," by Henry Seidel Canby (Harcourt, Brace), lately from the press. It brings a healthful and needed realization that most American books on writing have too much about substance and not enough about style. After all, after all, there is such a thing as literature. If, through the chapter on who should and should not write, the student is led to beat his typewriter into pruning-hooks, I care not, for if he is meant to be a writer nothing will stop his writing. "Story Writing: Lessons from the Masters," by F. M. Perry (Holt), analyzes stories from Poe to Michael Arlen; the result is not so much directions for producing as stimulus toward doing so. I have lately spoken of "How to Write a Short Story," by Michael Joseph (Holt), and "The Commercial Side of Literature," by the same experienced Englishman in collaboration with Grant Overton (Harper): these are directions for getting into print rather than Parnassus, honest advice and well-seasoned.

HERE are two more maps. The Clarke Steamship Company of Quebec, evidently noticing the interest in this corner of the paper in illustrated literary and historical charts, sends me an invitation to view the 7x11 illuminated map by Cory Kilvert of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and lands adjacent, showing the discoveries and events of that part of the New World from Eric the Red (96) to the siege of Louisburg (1758). This is a decoration for their new steamship "Northland," running from Montreal to Newfoundland. The other is a poster published by the Oxford University Press called "Books of the West Country for Holiday Reading," printed in blue and black and showing the country of "Lorna Doone," several of Trollope's novels, and the plays of Sheridan. I was permitted to carry off a copy from the most endearing publishing establishment in London, Amen House, the hid-away home of the Oxford University Press.

S. M. S., Boston, Mass., asks for books for a bookplate collector.

A COMPREHENSIVE survey of the field of bookplate books is made in "A Bibliography of Bookplate Literature," published by the Spokane Public Library. This is not an everyday library pamphlet, but a collector's item, price five dollars, printed on American vellum, 500 copies, of which 450 are for sale, numbered and signed by the editor, George W. Fuller. An idea of the extent of bookplate literature may be gained from the fact that there are 30 pages of index in which the books are arranged by subjects, besides the main list and introductory material. The bibliographical work is by Verna B. Grimm, and the "Random Thoughts on Bookplate Literature" by Winward Prescott, who is said to own the largest collection of this material in existence. The collector should by no means leave out the "Bookplate Annual," published by Alfred Fowler at Kansas City, Mo.

Argosies *of* Literary News

WE are going to let you into an office secret. Or perhaps it isn't a secret, for you may already have guessed that the Phoenix Nests we have been running during the greater part of his absence were written *en masse* by the Phoenician before his departure for Europe, and that the procession of birds bearing copy across the Atlantic was a pure figment of the imagination. Such it was. But now the Phoenician himself is on the Atlantic, returning only a short time ahead of his coadjutor, the conductor of Bowling Green, and like him bearing rare spoils in the way of literary experiences.

Truly truth is stranger than fiction. What novelist could have conceived a more unlikely happening than that Christopher Morley after three days of unsuspected proximity should have discovered the Phoenician in a room abutting on his in a London hotel? Busy days for both of them they were, with a visit to the Zoo with Rudyard Kipling and tea with Andre Maurois as outstanding events for Mr. Morley, and chats with the Sitwells, and Aldous Huxley, and John Galsworthy as red letter happenings for the Phoenician. Good talk they both had, and plenty that will yield fascinating matter for comment.

We're telling you this by way of introducing the statement that if the personalities as well as the work of authors is of interest to you, there will be much in the columns of both the Bowling Green and the Phoenix Nest during the coming months to engage your attention.

Perhaps, too, you have some friend who enjoys intimate glimpses of literary celebrities. If you have why not take a moment to fill out the coupon below with his name and address?

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Points of View

Neglected Books

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Kathleen Norris's idea for a weekly list of Neglected (or seemingly neglected) Books is excellent.

There is one novel I always recommend and which I consider the greatest novel written in English during my lifetime (I was born in 1893), with the undoubted exceptions of Hardy's "Tess" and "Jude" and Conrad's "Under Western Eyes." I refer to E. M. Forster's "Howard's End," a novel influenced by Meridith (chiefly) and by Henry James, and which in turn has profoundly influenced the younger and more genuine English novelists and in particular Virginia Woolf and Basil Creighton. Speaking of Virginia Woolf reminds me of her "Voyage Out," which contains one of the most beautiful love scenes in English prose and which, like her "Mark on the Wall" (wherein she first plunged into her later peculiar subjective method), is not sufficiently read. Another novel by a modern woman not sufficiently appreciated is the absolutely magnificent "Death of Society," by Renée Wilson. Then again there are all the novels of Basil Creighton (who is influenced by Meridith and Forster). Basil Creighton is one of the finest artists we English have. Let me draw attention to "The History of an Attraction." A shorter work is "The Amorous Cheat" but this excellent work is, in my opinion, the one to read last. His "The Old Eve" is one of the modern English novels I have most enjoyed in the last ten years. "The Romantic Woman," by Bridget Maclogan (Mrs. Borden Turner), merits attention. I don't know whether Tennyson Jesse's "Secret Bread" is well known in this country. I consider it is worth reading. The same is true of Ethel Sedgwick's "Promise" and "Succession" (both influenced by "Jean Christophe") and, when Henry Handel Richardson's "Maurice Greest" is so well known, I do not understand why these two volumes are not more sought after. Special interest attaches to the only novel so far written by T. N. W. Sullivan, the deservedly well known authority on modern physics: "An Attempt at Life." Mr. Bruce Richmond, the highly eclectic editor of the *Times Literary Supplement*, once wrote to me that it was the only English novel influenced by Dostoievsky that he considered successful. (He must have overlooked Hardy). D. H. Lawrence has many and some fanatical admirers but I have not heard his most *perfect* book (the only one, as far as I know, which displays a real sense of form), "The Trespasser," enough spoken of. Middleton Murry's "Still Life," although very still, is yet life. Mary Webb's "Gone to Earth" (in the Trevena tradition) is said by persons I trust to be good and to show a wonderful feeling for landscape. (I have not read it). Bertram Smith's "Days of Discovery" is a story of childhood that should be better known.

So much for some modern English novels —I stress the English because as an Englishman I happen to know them better than the corresponding American. That there are several such Americans, I do not doubt. I cannot believe that some of the productions that make a big splash are the real things. There are always three classes, both in my country and in this (but I will illustrate them by my own)—(a) genuine works of art almost immediately and deservedly famous by authors whose previous works have usually slowly graduated out of class (c)—for instance "Riceyman Steps"; (b) spurious "works of art" which won't last and are soon *demodés* (but the names I need not specify—they are on everybody's tongue and are often to be found among those "best sellers" which stand on the "smart" drawing room tables as well as on the stodgy); (c) such "neglected" volumes as I have indicated above. In time they graduate into classics—as for instance "Under Western Eyes." Chesterton's admirable "Napoleon of Nottinghill" (so enormously superior to his "Man Who Was Thursday"). Hilaire Belloc's "Emmanuel Burden," the rarest piece of modern English irony with which I am acquainted, is slowly so graduating. Of translations of foreign novels let me draw attention to Jacobson's "Niels Lyhne" and "Marie Grubbe," rendered into fine English by Larsen. Then there are Gottfried Keller's beautiful "Village Romeo and Juliet" and Jonas Lie's "Family at Gilje," both to be had in translation.

So much at present for novels. Perhaps if this bit of idea is taken up I may be able to add others, novels modern and old, and other works, chief among which let me record Baillie Saunders's "Maxims and Reflections," of Goethe and Santayana's "Three Philosophic Poets."

ROBERT NICHOLS.

Hollywood, Calif.

Worth Recalling

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

After reading, in a recent issue of *The Saturday Review*, what Kathleen Norris said about sending in names of "Neglected Books," or those one is reading and loving at the moment whether old or new or "Neglected" or otherwise, it came to me that I ought to send mine, especially as I have received so much joy from reading the few such lists others have sent as well as some new Book Friends.

Then yesterday reading Samuel McChord Crothers, "Emerson: How to Know Him," I came upon the following quotation from Emerson which had been overlooked or forgotten by me. Writing of books he says:—

> But it happens in our experience, that in this lottery there are at least fifty or a hundred blanks to a prize. It seems, then, as if some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books, and alighting upon a few true ones which made him happy and wise, would do a right act in naming those which have been bridges or ships to carry him safely over dark morasses and barren oceans, *into the heart of sacred cities into palaces and* temples.

Reading this strengthened my purpose and brought me to the *writing point*. And so following I submit the names of a few of the books I have loved and am loving and, probably, always shall love, and any one of which has made me happier and might well have made me wiser.

"Amiel's Journal," Fairless's "Roadmender," "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecraft," S. A. Tipple's "Spoken Words of Prayer and Praise," "The Marquesas and Beyond," "Letters of Edward Lear," "One Way Out," Bennett's "Literary Taste and How to Form It," Helen Mackay's "Journal of Small Things," "Men of Letters," Dixon Scott. Then coming down to books of a later date than the above:—"Tide Marks" and "Sea and Jungle," Tomlinson, "Letters of Archie Butts," "Life and Letters of John Muir," Bade, Anne Bosworth Greene's "Lone Winter," and "Dipper Hill," and "Life and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody."

GERTRUDE SMITH.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Forgotten Novelist

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Sherlock Holmes, draped in his dressing-gown, rested like a meditative mollusk in the depths of his easy-chair, "cross-indexing his records of crime." On the opposite side of the fireplace his friend, Dr. Watson, "was deep in one of Clark Russell's fine sea-stories." That's the man I have in mind—Clark Russell—the forgotten novelist.

Forty years ago, back in the 80's, Clark Russell's novels were to be found in pirated, paper-bound editions at every street corner bookstall, and they claimed many readers beside Dr. Watson and his creator, Conan Doyle. What brings them to my mind today was a list of books published a few weeks ago in *The Saturday Review of Literature*—a list, the writer said, on which we must rely for our pictures of life on board the forgotten sailing ships. I noticed that many of my old favorites were omitted —"Peter Simple," for instance, as well as that splendid story by George Cupples, "The Green Hand," picturing life on board an East Indiaman of 100 years ago—such an East Indiaman as Thackeray voyaged in when a boy, and often referred to in his novels. "Moby Dick" was there, but there was no mention of Fenimore Cooper's "Pilot," praised in the preface to "Two Years Before the Mast." But what awoke me most to the mutability of literature, was the fact that no mention was made of Clark Russell's novels; indeed, most of his work is out of print, dead and forgotten, although it is true that a new and finely illustrated edition of his initial success, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor,'" appeared in 1924. And yet Russell was *the* novelist of all novelists who set out deliberately to make marine pictures the principal thing in his work, and to describe life at sea on board the sailing ships.

His great weakness was that, as a story-teller, he never mastered that cunning blend of characterization and construction that a novelist needs before he can achieve a dramatic plot. His stories, as *stories*, are appallingly simple. However, his sea-pictures are from the heart—and many of them are lovely. Let me illustrate with a ship at sea:

"Another order, to set the fore-royal, crowded the vessel with all plain sail; and leaning down until the seething foam alongside was within reach of the arm, and flinging up the spray forward in whole clouds of rainbow tinted smoke, the noble little bark swept along under the lordly pile of white canvas which soared into the heavens from her shapely hull."

His first glimpse of a ship in the London docks:

"There in front of me lay the counterpart of the vessel in whose heart I had passed many a long month, whose mastheads I had watched swaying under stars which no northern dweller ever beholds, whose massive shrouds had shrieked back the refrain of the Cape Horn hurricane, whose topmost canvas had glimmered like dissolving wreaths of vapor amid the breathless gloom of the hushed tropical night."

It would be easy to multiply instances, for his novels are full of such passages, but the lines quoted are sufficient to prove my contention—that his sea-pictures are from the heart and are charming. However, Russell is forgotten while Conrad is touted today. Yet I imagine that he still finds a pleasant place in Conan Doyle's recollections.

ROGER SPRAGUE.

Imola, Calif.

Old Friends

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Here are a few old friends which seem to be sadly neglected in these days of voluminous printing, when it is so difficult to know just what might be a "foretaste of immortality." These are my enthusiasms: A. P. Herbert's "The Secret Battle," the finest war story,—"The Path to Rome," as only Hilaire Belloc could walk and talk,—Alex. Smith's "Dreamthorp,"—"The Genius of America" (Scribner) by that patient critic, Stuart Sherman, who "sees the world steadily, and sees it whole,"—and lastly Kenneth Grahame's enchanting "The Golden Age." If the reader meet any of these on some fruitful shelf, an enduring friendship would surely result.

ALEX MALEY.

Providence, R. I.

"Blues"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

To Mr. James Weldon Johnson's review of "Blues" in your issue of June 19th I wish to take a single exception, which concerns the repeated use therein, in connection with Mr. W. C. Handy's songs, of the word "arrangements," which is rendered prominent by the total absence of the word "composition."

The common error in connection with the blues has been, until very recently, to regard them as merely another product of Tin Pan Alley, without recognition of the fact that the form and many of the melodies derive from folk-song; in the removal of this error Mr. Johnson is a pioneer. The opposite error—the supposition that every blues which appears in print has been lifted from some folk-tune—is fostered by the language (doubtless inadvertent) which I criticize here. To the best of my knowledge and belief, the notes to Mr. Handy's songs in "Blues" (in preparing which I have had the advantage of the fullest information from him as to their histories) give the derivation of every theme therein which he did not create; indeed, it has been his frequent and noteworthy custom to acknowledge sources in his trade editions. On looking through his songs with these facts in mind, it will be found that far the greater proportion of the tunes which called public attention to the blues conception originated with Mr. Handy, and owe nothing to the folk-blues except the fundamental three-line verse and twelve-bar strain. Looking through the text of this book one will find that Mr. Handy claims to have originated what Mr. Johnson refers to as "the distinctive characteristic" of the blues: the "blue note," as a means of representing a vocal trick which was never peculiar to the singing of folk-blues. This claim, so far as I know, has not been disputed.

I am certain that Mr. Johnson will welcome this statement—made, by the way, solely on my own motion—which incidentally answers his regret that the collection does not contain more of the true, undiluted folk-blues; that it contains a large proportion of original compositions indicates that primarily it is a picture of a ubiquitous present-day phenomenon, the blues as American popular song; that a group of folk-tunes is included is due to a desire to supply a background for the picture. Thus it leaves an ample vacancy for another collection, this time concentrating on the folk-blues, a collection which I earnestly hope Mr. Johnson or Mr. Handy, or both, will ultimately supply.

Very truly yours,

ABBE NILES.

A Statement

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Pity the sorrows of Professor Harry M. Reynolds of Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.

On March 16, 1926, he wrote me from Iowa City, where he was teaching in a small college that he had exhibited to his students a typed copy of my parody on "Country People," which appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and that one of the students, having later discovered the same parody in my book, "Foolish Fiction," had "jumped to the conclusion that Christopher Ward was a pen-name and that I (Reynolds) had written 'Foolish Fiction,'" and had moreover spread this report among the students and faculty.

Professor Reynolds wrote further that "any attempt to scotch the rumor would be most embarrassing to the student who started it," wherefore he asked me "to be lenient," and "to consent to a policy of *laissez-faire*."

As Professor Reynolds seemed willing to bear the odium of the imputed authorship of my book to save his pupil from embarrassment, it seemed that I should accept relief from that burden and I made no moan. But see what happened.

Fleeing, doubtless, from the evil reputation, which he had thus so self-sacrificingly permitted to be thrust upon him, Professor Reynolds then left the Iowa college and took refuge as instructor of English Language and Literature in Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa. But alas! failed to dree his weird.

The Campus is the paper published by the students of Allegheny College. In its issue of May 26th is a story telling how Professor Reynolds "entertained the students and faculty with a reading taken from several of his own literary criticisms." "The opening reading was taken from 'The Triumph of the Nut.'" In all, Professor Reynolds read three parodies from that book and from his former favorite, "Foolish Fiction," all of which, it appears, he generously allowed his audience to believe he had written.

I suppose I should be grateful to Professor Reynolds for taking on himself the undeserved obloquy attaching to the authorship of my parodies, but it seems hardly fair to accept this favor in silence. So, I say, pity the sorrows of Professor Reynolds, unfortunate man, victim of his own generosity, who seems destined to go through life bearing the stigma of the authorship of the writing of

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

Wilmington, Del.

The Nobel Prize

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

May we express our most hearty agreement with John Macy in his letter in the March 6 issue of *The Saturday Review* in regard to the Nobel Prize recommendation for Thomas Hardy. Of all writers of today, in any country, we feel that Thomas Hardy is far and away the most worthy of the Nobel Prize. It would not add honor to Thomas Hardy, as Mr. Macy states, but it would add lustre to the list of twenty-four Nobel Prize awards, and would be a most just award. We most sincerely wish that Mr. Hardy's name might be recommended to the Swedish Committee.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

A SHORT-SIGHTED POLICY

IN these days when so much original source material relating to the history of America is being gathered, it seems a short-sighted policy that the Library of Congress is not provided with more ample funds and with more initiative in the purchase of material that should be in our national library.

For instance, only a short time ago the headquarters papers of the British Army in North America during the war of the American Revolution, from its beginning to its end, consisting of letters, sketches, maps, military orders and statistics, came into the market and was bought by William L. Clements for the library bearing his name at Ann Arbor, Mich. This collection should have been preserved in the British Museum, for primarily it should be the property of the people of Great Britain. But if brought to America it should have gone to the Library of Congress. Now if the historical student wants to study these original historical papers he will have to go to Ann Arbor to do it. The British Museum and the Library of Congress both lost these invaluable papers because there was no provision made for either to make such a purchase.

In his report for the last year, the librarian of the Library of Congress says:

"During the year the prices of what may be termed 'book rarities' have continued to advance to a noteworthy extent. This has been due, in a measure, to the keen competition among private collectors (including some recent newcomers), dealers, and certain libraries and other institutions. Fortified in many cases with unlimited funds, and having the fixed determination to obtain the items which they desire, these competitors have forced prices to a level obviously artificial. The reaction to the readjustment now going on in our economic life is also, to a limited extent, a contributing factor.

"The keen competition is particularly noticeable at book auctions, which are one of our chief sources for obtaining certain of the items of our lists of desiderata. A mere glance at the prices fetched during the past year for Americana and for other desirable material to round out certain of our collections, shows the futility of our attempting, at present, to obtain any of the desirable items from this particular source. We can only live in hopes that such of these items as are of the most interest to the library will at some future time be added to its collections by gift or purchase."

The Americana Collector was the first to protest against the limitations with which our national library has to contend. George H. Sargent, in the Boston *Transcript*, in discussing this matter says:

"Never was there a time more suited for building up our national library than the years after the war when hunger-stricken Europe parted with its treasures and is still doing so. The Library of Congress was not able to take any particular advantage of this situation. What an appropriation of a million dollars a year in the last ten years would have done for this institution can, of course, only be imagined. As it was, the library did not have a million dollars to spend in the whole ten years."

It is of course a mistake that the library is without adequate funds at this time. But as long as its librarian is disposed to retire from the field because of "the futility of our attempting, at present, to obtain any of the desirable items" from public sales, he will never be able to get appropriations. "Obviously artificial prices" have existed for a long time. It was this point of view that permitted the manuscript of Washington's Farewell Address to become the property of a private collector for $2,500.

The supply of historical original source material in private hands is being reduced every season. The demand for it by the great public and university libraries is steadily growing. This condition is bound to result in steadily advancing prices for genuinely rare and desirable material. The collector or librarian who waits for a more opportune time will wait in vain. It is fortunate that we have had a Lenox, a Carter Brown, a Clements, and a Huntington to gather up original source material relating to the history of our country when it came into the market. If we had not had this type of a collector who had the money and the courage to spend it, such institutions as the Lenox Library, the John Carter Brown Library, the William L. Clements Library, and the Huntington Library, with their priceless treasures would never have existed.

SHERIDAN BIBLIOGRAPHY

R. CROMPTON RHODES, of Birmingham, England, is editing a critical edition of Sheridan's "Plays and Poems," for which he is preparing a bibliography of all early editions. That the task he has undertaken is one requiring patient research is indicated by a letter of Mr. Rhodes which has just appeared in the London *Times Literary Supplement* inviting the coöperation of owners of rare and unrecorded editions printed before 1837. Mr. Rhodes says:

"The difficulties are great, for while Mr. Walter Sichel in his admirable 'Life of Sheridan' records ten issues of 'The School for Scandal' in London and Dublin before 1800 I know of no less than thirty editions printed in Dublin alone during that period. Of the minor and attributed works there are numerous unrecorded issues. 'The Forty Thieves' is supposed not to have been printed before 1825 (or perhaps later) in Duncombe's edition; but I possess an edition entitled 'Ali Baba: or, The Forty Thieves,' printed by J. Charles of Dublin in 1814, with many textual differences. The only recorded edition of 'The Ode to Scandal' appeared in 1819. Yet Mr. Percival F. Hinton possesses 'An Ode to the Genius of Scandal,' London, for G. Kearsley, 1781. The question of Sheridan authorship has been decided by his biographers upon the edition of 1819, which contains only 186 lines, whereas the issue of 1781 contains 238 lines. Of all Sheridan's plays except 'The Critic' there are two texts, some differing in only a few passages, and sometimes, as in the piracies of 'The Duenna,' having no resemblance except in plot to the genuine text. I should therefore be indebted to owners of rare and unrecorded editions before 1837 for information. No editions other than those of London and Dublin have yet in general been recorded, but there must have been others, as those which Oliver and Boyd, of Edinburgh, issued in paper wrappers about 1810-1816."

NOTE AND COMMENT—

AFTER fifteen years of patient, scholarly labor, by a group of Benedictine monks working under the direction of Cardinal Gasquet, the first volume of the revised and amended edition of the Vulgate Bible has been presented to Pope Pius XI. The task is reported to be well in hand and will be pushed rapidly to completion.

William Dana Orcutt of the Plimpton Press, designer of the Humanistic type, is preparing a book, "In Quest of the Perfect Book: Reminiscences and Reflections of a Bookman." It will be published in the autumn by Little, Brown & Co., in a regular trade edition, and also in a large paper edition limited to 365 copies.

William Abbatt of Tarrytown, N. Y., has recently published an octavo pamphlet of fifty-four pages, a reprint of a very scarce little pamphlet by the late William Stevens Perry, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Iowa, in which the religious faith of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence is studied. It appears that the Declaration of Independence was signed by thirty-four Episcopalians, thirteen Congregationalists, six Presbyterians, one Baptist, one Quaker, and one Catholic. The exact date of Bishop Perry's pamphlet is unknown, as it has neither place nor date.

The book publishers of America have formed a national committee to aid in the work of erecting a national press shrine to be placed in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. The shrine will take the form of a chapel opening from the side of the great nave or central isle and will rise 115 feet from the floor to the roof. Stained glass windows will record some of the activities of the press and its part in the progress of civilization, and somewhere in the scheme of decoration an appropriate place may be found for the names of those outstanding figures who have added lustre to the profession. The cost of erecting and equipping the chapel will be from $150,000 to $225,000.

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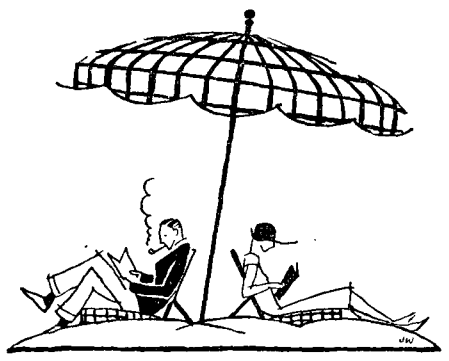

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The Phoenix Nest

THE trouble about this particular contribution is that it will sound and look so differently when printed! * * * When it appears, the writer will be sometime back in that delirious centre of the Western World—meaning of course, New York City. * * * And he has been carefully sustaining the delusion that he has heretofore been "sending back his stuff" from abroad, whereas, of course, it was all written before he even started. * * * And by the time this appears, his flying visit to London and Paris will be quite a matter of the past, whereas as he writes it it is, most intensely, a matter of the present—and he never wants to come home! * * * For instance, he has but an hour ago been sitting under an awning just off the Boulevard St. Germain with the talented author of "The Venetian Glass Nephew." *Deux bières* was the order of the particular little table just as a heydey rout burst into the café. * * * Through the glass, from the table set outside under the awning, one observed sundry masqueraders impersonating ancient Britons dyed with wood, American Indians, and Egyptians and Romans. The masqueraders were evidently immersed in cheap champagne and coffee. * * * Soon they departed with as sudden and spectacular a hullabaloo as that with which they had made their entrance. * * * The French crowd watching from the pavement in the drizzling rain was an even more interesting spectacle. * * * If this were an Artists' masquerade ball let loose, better than all masquerade were the intent and good-humored faces of the natives of the Rive Gauche. * * * One young soldier in horizon-blue displayed a countenance almost saintly. One youngster held up by his mother showed a particularly lovely laughing face. * * * And, after the masquers had gone, a funny and pitiful old man, with hat outstretched, made queer bird-imitations for such small coin as might come his way. * * * They were very bad barnyard imitations, and the first fifty centimes tossed by your impecunious correspondent eluded his wavering chapeau. The tiny brassy coin flickered in the lamplight and was apparently irretrievably lost in the shadow. A second, however, found the hat. * * * With such pitiable treasure-trove, the white-aproned garçon ordered him on. * * * But meanwhile a—well, "natty" is the only descriptive word—young cake-eater stood chinning with a stout black-clad lady selling newspapers. She gave him a coy push in the chest in return for some pleasantry. * * * With such observed incidents, several hours of a rainy evening passed in front of *Les Deux Magots*—and about sixteen cents in all had been expended. * * * Paris is wonderful! * * * It is true, what friends told us—you can ride anywhere (almost) for ten cents in a taxi. * * * Your correspondent does not buy Poiret frocks—but a lady of his acquaintance does. * * * And the sartorial confections of *M. Paul Poiret* must bear a relation to contemporary writing, inasmuch as Miss *Anita Loos*, creator of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," was recently espied regarding the mannequins in the sacred hall of audience. * * * Your correspondent was quite dazzled by the mannequins. He lost his heart particularly to one known as the most beautiful in Paris. * * * Before this he had been thrilled by the entrance lobby downstairs with the zodiacal menagerie in gold upon its ceiling and the fragmentary female torso displayed in its centre,—with the beautiful apartments above, that delicately sculptured fawn, cast in bronze, greeting one at the turn. * * * But this babbling proves, perhaps, too flippant for mere literary gossip. * * * What memories of London may your correspondent conjure up? * * * The wonderful blue glass in the upstairs drawing-room of *Osbert Sitwell*. * * * *Aldous Huxley* in a delightful French restaurant in Soho lamenting the dearth of snails. * * * The same writer, somewhat later, speaking of the *Duke of Monmouth* as we crossed Soho Square, and of the painter *B. R. Haydon* as we passed the old *Panthéon* on Oxford Street. * * * *D. H. Laurence*, his works and ways, in the Lounge of a little hotel off Cavendish Square. * * * *John Galsworthy*, at a tea, evincing interest in *John Dos Passos's* "Manhattan Transfer" and the short stories of *Scott Fitzgerald*. * * * An English friend, *A. Hugh Fisher*, poet and etcher, reading in his tiny cottage in Bucks, in a quaint village under the Chitterus, called Princes Risborough, from the dramatic work of *T. Sturge Moore* and *Lascelles Abercrombie*. * * * Earlier in the day we had walked uphill toward "Whiteleaf Cross," a great mark cut through to the chalk on the grassy side of a hill one mile from the village and visible for considerable distances. The tradition runs that this is an ancient landmark in memory of a victory by the Saxons under Edward the Elder over the Danes in A. D. 910. * * * *Mrs. Belloc Lowndes* at lunch at *The Ivy*, a lovely tavern in West Street not far from Cambridge Circus; Mrs. Lowndes presiding at a most delicious meal, talking of Parisian dressmakers or of *Filson Young's* version of the Crippen murder with equal facility and informativeness. * * * A lunch under the auspices of the English publisher, *Jonathan Cape*, at the same enchanting inn, with *Elizabeth Drew* (Mrs. Brian Downs) author of a recent book on the novel, and *Martin Armstrong* who wrote "The Goat & Compasses," and *Amabell Williams Ellis*. * * * *J. C. Squire* in his office in a very early Tudor house, which must be one of a very few left in the Strand—a house, the upper floors of which he lately secured for the offices of *The London Mercury*. * * * The same jocund Squire giving us American cocktails at an unco' pleasant lunch in haunts somewhat adjacent, and warming our hearts toward him by his genial wit. * * * A *revue*, witnessed, written by *A. P. Herbert* and *Nigel Playfair*, and entitled "Riverside Nights," surely one of the most enchanting of light entertainments. * * * In particular, Master *Michael Cowlen's* "Lambert Siminet and Perkin Warbeck in the Reign of Henry VII," a drama in three acts which led off Part Two, and proved the most convulsing historical sketch we have ever applauded. * * * This young author's name would lead one to believe him a combination of *Noel Coward* and *Michael Arlen*. But he combines the best qualities of neither, possessing a naïve genius for the dramatic which is entirely his own. We prophesy fabulous things for him, could he only remain the same age forever, visited by the same unpredictable and annihilating inspirations. * * * And, oh, the divine *Elsa Lanchester*, who rendered so inimitably in an earlier number "Please sell no more Drink to my Father," a priceless song of the vintage of 1888. Miss Lanchester returned at the end of the program with "The Rat-catcher's Darter," "The Grecian Bend," and "De Boatmen's Dance"—but none of these quite equalled her earlier appearance. In fact *Harold Scott's* collaboration with her in that 1830 Negro Air could not be called successful, though their coöperation in the Philanthropic Song, "True Friends of the Poor," was a positive triumph. * * * And other numbers—how superb they were in diverse ways! * * * But there were other as delectable evenings,—that of dinner, for instance, with *Robert* and *Slyvia Lynd* at Keats's Grove in Haupstead,—the evening at Bedford Park when, with a downpour of rain outside, *Roger Ingpen*, most gentle and courteous of hosts, talked shyly of *Shelley* and of *Swinburne* and diffidently displayed numerous literary treasures, while his charming wife set the travellers from America completely at their ease. * * * But we are talking both far too long and, withal, far too little. * * * Such things as we have seen, all new to us! (as we have never ere this been far afield),—London from Paul's Dome, old Paternoster Row and the Naked Boy of Panyer Alley, a bas-relief marking of old the highest spot of London ground,—the plate to *John Milton* on St. Mary le Bow, and the golden flying dragon on the same church gleaming in the fitful sun,—Thames reaches, the Norman beauty of St. Bartholomew's the Great, the bookstalls in Charing Cross Road—Lansdowne Passage and Shepherd's Market, Storied Westminster, the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, the Museum. * * * And now we have walked the Gardens of the Tuileries in Paris, and turned over odd volumes at the open stalls on the Quai Voltaire,—we have seen the Madeleine, and the Arc de Triomphe under a rosy sunset, and the Tour Eiffel alight by night, and the house where died *Oscar Wilde* and the house where *Anatole France* was born! * * * So silly, perhaps, is our wonder,—so small and fugitive the impressions we transcribe here! * * * We must ask your forgiveness. * * * Our picturings are doubtless as banal as those of the Edgeware Road pavement artist we came upon who had carefully drawn in colors many characters out of *Dickens* together with a portrait of Dickens himself in most incredible whiskers. * * * We regret to report that none of these presentments could properly be said to come under the head of high art. * * * But our pavement artist had a most excellent motto, which he had chalked beside his handicraft. * * * "Showers of Rain," (it read), "Labor in Vain." * * * As though, of his name he might have said, "It is writ in water." * * * Thoughts set in type withstand the elements a trifle longer, mayhap. * * * But dubiously little longer. * * * The last comment we shall cast to oblivion is as to an unexpected and miraculous meeting with *Christopher Morley* himself suddenly emerging from the dining room of the same hotel we had for several weeks patronized. * * * What a confabulation was there and then held, my countrymen! * * * And now a truce to our views abroad. We have learned the difference between a florin and half a crown; we have heard the bugles of the French taxis; we have ridden the red busses that rumble in thousands to and fro round Trafalgar Square; we have heard Big Ben at last, and have seen Dover cliffs and Calais Sands. * * * Of course, as we say, it is all so new to us that we must rave a little. * * * In our next we shall turn more literary. * * * For then we shall be once more the mousy stay-at-home. * * * Meanwhile, we have certainly flang our fling. * * * We have bought an 'am and seen life. * * * We are unrepentant!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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